

THE WINTER EVENINGS COMPANION.

Being a NEW
COLLECTION
OF

Diverting ESSAYS, Merry STORIES, HU-
morous LETTERS, Select HISTORIES,
Entertaining NOVELS, ADVENTURES,
&c.

Among which are,

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The Dishonourable Lover,

To which are added,

A Choice COLLECTION of SONGS, sung this
Season at *Varsball*, *Renelagh*, *Marrybone*, &c. Po-
lite TALES, FABLES, POEMS, and EPIGRAMS.

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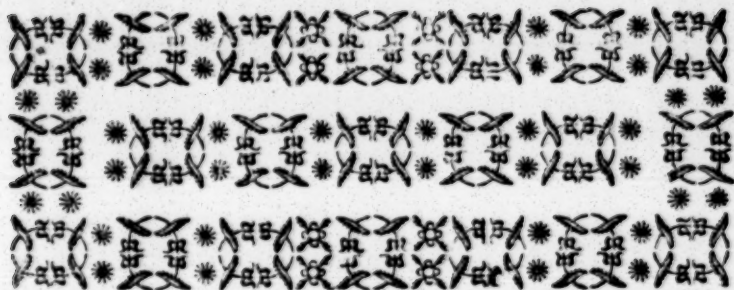
The JOCLAR COMPANION : Or, a Curious Collec-
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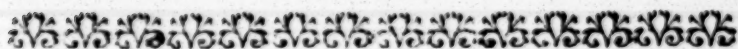
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T H E
Winter Evening's
C O M P A N I O N.



The GENEROUS HUSBAND, *or the*
AMOURS *of* ARABELLA.

THE first Impressions that *Love* makes
T on us are the strongest, nor can they
be removed by the Commands of *Pa-*
rents, Interest, or Prudence: How un-
happy then are those Ladies, who,
for the Alliance of *Families, Titles, or private Views,*
are torn from the Arms of those they love, to be
married by mercenary Fathers to Men they can
scarce endure. *Clerimont, a Gentleman of Fortune,*
lov'd a Lady, beautiful, young, and rich: Their
Loves seem'd so much the more happy, because it

6 *The* GENEROUS HUSBAND,

was approv'd of by their Parents, who design'd to marry them. *Arabella*, for such was the Lady's Name, looked on *Clerimont* as her Husband, and gave herself therefore a Liberty to indulge a Passion which she thought it her Duty to increase: *Clerimont* was as fond of his *Arabella*, and flatter'd himself with the greatest Happiness, in living with a Woman whose Love was mutual. While the Writings for the Marriage were drawing, the young Lady went to one of the Theatres to see a favourite Play; in the Middle of the first Act, *Cleanthes*, a young Nobleman of the first Rank, came into the same Box where *Arabella* sat: Her Mein, her Charms, and her Wit, rais'd in him a sudden Passion, he knew not how to account for: He gazed, he sigh'd, he lov'd. When the Play was over, he conducted her through the Crowd to her Chair, and was agreeably surpriz'd, when he saw her Servant, to find it the Livery of a Gentleman he was very well acquainted with. The next Morning he waited on *Arabella's* Father, and enquired after his new Charmer: And as soon as he heard it was his Daughter, he made Proposals for marrying her. The old Gentleman, when he was recovered from his Surprise, and found the young Nobleman serious in his Demands, thought the Match too *advantageous* not to be made up as soon as possible; they agreed to have her Jointure settled that Afternoon; the Marriage consummated the next Morning. *Cleanthes* would fain have seen the Lady: But her Father said it was not so proper, 'till he had acquainted her with his Intentions. *Cleanthes* hurry'd to his Lawyer to give Instructions for the Settlements; and the old Gentleman sent for *Arabella*, to inform her of his new Engagement: But what Words can describe her Wonder, and the various Effects of Love, Grief, and Despair, whilst she receiv'd the Charge of giving the next Morning her Hand in Marriage to a
Lover

Lover she knew nothing of. In vain were all her *Tears, Prayers, and Intreaties*; no Reproaches of Injustice to *Clerimont*, no Argument of future Misery to herself, nor all the soft Persuasions of a paternal Love could set aside the prevailing Arguments of *Grandeur, Title, and Riches*. Her Father was severe, and would be obey'd; and haughtily urg'd it, it was nothing but her *Duty* to comply: He threatened her with *Violence*, if she resisted his *Will*, and with an imperious Command, left her in all the Anguish of a desperate Maiden. Scarce had she recovered her Senses, when she found Means to send this News to her *Clerimont's* Lodgings; but he was unhappily gone for a Day or two to a Country house he had in a neighbouring Village, to order some Repairs for the better Reception of his *Arabella*. The next Morning, which was to bring her *Misery* and a *Husband*, arrives, after a Night spent in Fears, Hopes, and Despair: Her Father enters her Chamber, renews his Reasons of *Interest, Power, and Wealth*, but finds her still inflexible: As he knew nothing could move her, but persuading her it was her *Duty*. He threaten'd her with the heaviest *Curses* in Case of Disobedience. In fine, amidst the Horrors of such a Guilt, amidst the tender Thoughts of *Clerimont*, and the Fears of a *Father's* Curse, she suffered herself to be dragged to the Altar; perceiving it impossible to avoid the Sacrifice. After the Ceremony, she was conducted to her Lord's House, where, if Pomp, Titles, and Riches, could give Happiness with a Man she did not love, none could be more happy than *Arabella*: But in the public Joy she seem'd discontented, and broken Sighs, and dejected Looks, betrayed the inward Sorrow of her Heart. *Clerimont* heard the next Day of *Arabella's* Marriage: And after being informed of the Particulars, he could not bear to continue in *London*,
but

8 *The* GENEROUS HUSBAND.

but took Post Horses immediately for *Paris*, under all the Grief a disappointed Lover could bear. *Arabella's* Husband was good humour'd, complaisant, and passionately fond of her; preventing every Wish, by giving her every Thing she could desire: But Love is very unjust; she could only repay the *Tenderness* of her Husband in a cold *Indifference*; which he perceived, and was sensibly affected with, though he knew not she loved any other Person. He continued his earnest Endeavours to please, but without any Success. At this Time, a Friend of his arriv'd from *Paris*, and told him, without any Design, of the former Love of *Arabella* and *Clerimont*. He was Thunder-struck with the News, and never enquired more into the Cause of her Coldness to him: He was convinced of her Virtue, as she was strict in her Behaviour, cautious of her Company, regular in her Family, shewing great *Respect* to him, but no *Tenderness*: And he saw with Grief, it was her good Sense only, not her Inclination, which made her dutiful to him. He admired her Conduct, but complained of his own bad Fortune. Among other solitary Amusements, *Arabella* us'd to divert her Melancholy in designing Landships, which she did to Perfection: In all her Designs, (her *Passion* and *Thoughts* being still fixed on *Clerimont*,) you might find that unhappy Lover; sometimes as a despairing Shepherd under the Covert of a *Willow*; sometimes as a gay roving Swain among a *Troop* of Country Lasses; just as her *Hope* or *Fear* dictated. *Cleantes* having often seen *Clerimont* in public Places, and knowing his Person, felt inexpressible Anguish to see the Heart of his Wife so sensibly affected towards his Rival; but he was quite overwhelm'd with Grief, when he saw her hang these Pictures by her *Bedside*, that so her *Lover* might be the first Object that appeared to her when she awak'd; and one Morn-
ing

Or the Amours of ARABELLA. 9

ing while her *Husband*, who deserved the utmost *Pity*, seem'd to be fast asleep, he was so unhappy to hear her sigh, as she look'd on those Landskips, and in a passionate Tone cry out, — *My dear, dear Clerimont!* — But even this Declaration moved not *Cleantes* to shew any *Resentment*, but, if possible, he redoubled his *Tenderness*, hoping that might wean her from a *Passion* so ill-placed. Almost two Years he spent in this Condition, without being able to change in the least the Heart of his *Arabella*; when despairing of her Love, he resolv'd to make a Campaign in *Flanders*; where, in a desperate Attempt which he had voluntarily undertaken, according to his Wishes, he received two mortal Wounds. He was carried to his Tent, where, finding some Strength remaining, he call'd for Pen and Paper, and wrote the following Letter to her.

My Dear Arabella,

I would have said Wife, had I not been convinc'd that Name is hateful to you: As this is the last Letter you will ever receive from me, I must testify in it my Grief, for having been the Occasion of the Misery I am sensible you feel in your losing Clerimont: But had I known, my Arabella, your Heart had been pre-engaged, I would not have parted you from the Man you so tenderly loved, to have joined you to a Husband you could never endure. That I loved you, by my Actions you may be satisfied; but should any Doubt remain, think what I must have felt, rather than give you any Uneasiness in reproaching you, when I have beheld the Happy Clerimont in every Picture, in every Room, nay by your Bed side, to be the Object of your Wishes. — When I have heard you Sigh for him, and passionately call for him — This I silently suffer'd; I saw you indulge a Passion you should strive to stifle. — I wish'd you could have loved me, but wish'd in vain. I am now within a few Moments of Death; and in these latest Words,

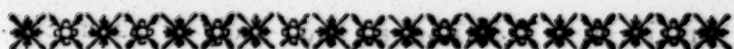
10 *The* GENEROUS HUSBAND.

Words, I desire that no uneasy Remembrance of what is past, may ever disturb the Pleasure which you will soon be at Liberty to enjoy with your Clerimont — Could you have loved me, we both might have been happy ; but your first Love had made too strong an Impression to be erased. You may be happier with Clerimont, but can never have a more loving Husband than,

Your Expiring

C L E A N T H E S.

The News of *Cleantes's* Death, accompanied with this Letter, flung her into an extreme Grief; but when his Body was brought home from the Army, to be interr'd with his Ancestors, she would have sacrificed herself, that she might give him her *Life*, because she did not give him her *Heart*. As often as she call'd to her Mind the *Love, Merit,* and *Tenderness* of her *Husband*, with Reproaches on her *Stars*, her *Love*, and her *Father*, she flung herself into all the Agonies of *Rage* and *Madness*. So violent a State brought on a burning Fever, which in a few Days terminated in the Death of a Woman, who dy'd unhappily for being married to the Man she could not love, and who might have liv'd happy with the Man she did.



The History of Beau BRONZE, the Fortune Hunter.

THIS Gentleman, at the Time of the Adventures I am going to relate, was, according to his own Reckoning, growing towards thirty; though the Parish Register where he was born, plac'd him then in the two and fortieth Year of his Age. He had originally about 200l. a Year, which by that Time he became five and twenty, he had mortgag'd to two different Persons for 3000l. a Piece. Coming very early to the Conduct of his own Affairs, he immediately quitted the University for *London*; where having soon run through all the Vices, or to speak in a more gentle Phrase, through all the Pleasures of the Town, a few Years reduced him to the same Condition with most of our polite Sparks. that is, a broken Estate, and as broken a Constitution. Having, while a Youth, lost a great Part of his Fortune at Play, like a Bubble; he was now reduced to the Picking up a precarious Subsistence by it, as a Sharper. Which proving but a very indifferent Employment, he bethought himself of a new Scheme of Life, in which his natural Vanity made him assure himself of Success; and so came to a Resolution of making his Circumstances easy, by marrying a Fortune: on whom, like the Beau in *Esop*, he was ready to settle his Person, and his Pox on her Heirs for ever. Nor was the Project altogether impracticable, since he was very well furnished with certain Qualifications which render a Man agreeable but to too great a Part of the fair Sex: I mean a Flow of Words, a pert Address, and a consummate Assurance. Amongst the
rest

rest of the fair Ones to whom *Bronze* paid his Addresses, was *Ethelinda*, a young Lady of about Sixteen, who had in ready Money a Fortune of 6000*l*. Having lived all her Life time under the Care of an old Maiden Aunt in the Country, she was, on her coming to *London*, transported with the Diversions of the Town. Yet having a sufficient Share of Wit, joined to a very good Understanding, she took Care to preserve both her Virtue, and her Reputation unspotted. With this Lady, for want of having a better Acquaintance with the World, the Beau succeeded in his Addresses: She considered his Person as it really was, far from disagreeable; she flatter'd herself that she should be carry'd in the finest Equipage to the finest Places; she imagined also (from his admirable Talent of Dissimulation) that he was violently in Love with her; from all which she fancy'd that she should in *Bronze* meet with the fondest of Husbands. As to Estate, the Beau never visited but in his Chariot, with a Couple of Footmen? for his Creditors, in hopes of being paid, in Case the Marriage succeeded, took care to furnish him with every Thing necessary to keep up the Appearance of a Fortune. Thus all Things went on with the most promising Face, 'till the Arrival from the University of a distant Relation of *Ethelinda's*, named *Carlos*. This Gentleman was about three and twenty, had good Sense, much Learning, and a polite Behaviour, without any other Defect than having a little too much Modesty. Notwithstanding he was but too sensible of his Cousin's Pre-engagement, yet he found it impossible for him to see her without falling passionately in Love with her. Lovers Eyes are always quick, and hence *Carlos*, in a few Days, from a Sharper of *Bronze's* Acquaintance, arrived at a thorough Knowledge both of the Beau's Character and Circumstances; of which he took care that *Ethelinda* should be privately acquainted. *Ethelinda*
was

was so far from giving the least Credit to this Account, that she never so much as mentioned it to *Bronze* himself, or suffer'd the least Enquiry to be made about it. *Carlos* perceiving the ill Success of this Project, grew so much chagrind, that hearing the Time of their Marriage was fixed within a Fortnight, he went out of Town to a Country Seat of a very rich Aunt of his, on whom he had a great Dependance; as being unwilling to be a Spectator of what he imagin'd was to compleat both her Ruin and his own. The Melancholly which hung about him in this Retirement, was soon taken notice of by the old Lady; and as Love is a Thing seldom out of even the oldest Women's Heads, she, without much Difficulty, guessed the Cause on't. Her Nephew easily confessed the Truth, and having told her the Story, "Alas *Carlos*!" replied she, have you so little both of Resolution and Contrivance, as to quit your Mistress so easily? Take Courage, Man, though you have been unsuccessful in parting her from her Lover, my Life for't I'll find out a Way to make him abandon the Lady. You know my old Nurse; she is but a few Years older than me, and not unlike me: I'll send her up to-Town To-morrow to my own Lodgings, and afterwards leave you to compleat a Scheme, with which I shall acquaint you."

Carlos, reviv'd at the Thoughts of this Project, immediately set about it. Nurse, properly equip'd and instructed, was sent up to Town, and taking her Lady's Name, pass'd for a Widow of 40,000l. Fortune; *Carlos*, by the means of the Sharper from whom he had *Bronze*'s Character, caused the Beau to be inform'd that a Widow Lady, upwards of 70, and immensely Rich, was fallen desperately in Love with him. *Bronze*'s natural Vanity and good Opinion of himself, made him the more easily caught; he pretended to *Ethelinda*, that a Relation of his

dying suddenly in the Country, had left him his Heir, which obliged him to go out of Town for three or four Days, to take the necessary Care about the Effects he left behind him. This Time was employ'd in making his Addresses to the Widow; and as Things were so before-hand concerted, that he might meet with no more Difficulty than was absolutely necessary to hinder Suspicion, every Thing being soon adjusted, the Marriage was celebrated the third Day. The Night before which, he wrote the following Letter to *Ethelinda*.

Dear MADAM,

*To prevent the Surprise of my so sudden Marriage, from making too great an Impression on your Spirits, I thought proper to be the first who should acquaint you with it myself. Before this reaches your Hands, I shall be the Husband of the Widow Thrifty, who is upwards of seventy Years old, and 40,000*l.* Fortune; which is enough to convince you, that Love had no Hand in my Match; I hope you have more good Sense than to mind Forms and Ceremonies. You may be sure of my staying no longer with the Hag, than is absolutely necessary to get Possession of her Money; I will then pack the old Fore-head-Cloth directly to a Farmer's in the Country, where she may live comfortably for 40*l.* a Year. While you and I, my Dear, spend her Thousands in Splendor. I am in Hastie,*

Your faithful,

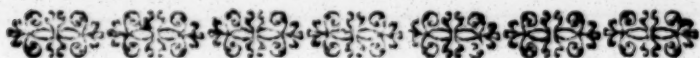
E Bronze.

Carlos came very seasonable to visit her almost as soon as she had received this Letter, and by letting her into the Secret of the Affair, not only less'n'd her Concern at this Accident, but inspir'd her with Joy at the Reflection on the Danger she had escap'd; which fill'd her also with the most favourable Thoughts for her kind Deliverer. *Bronze* too

was

Beau BRONZE, the Fortune Hunter. 15

was next Day undeceived by his Wife's Elopement, having first secured four Hundred Pounds worth of Jewels, which he had given her the Night before Marriage, and which his Creditors had furnish'd him with, in Order to have presented them to *Ethelinda*. This immediately obliged the Beau to quit the Kingdom, and with what Money he could scrape together, to repair to *Cambray*; where the Congress sitting at that Time, occasioned high Play, and from whence he might possibly find an Opportunity to mend his Fortune. *Carlos* and *Ethelinda* went to pass the Summer at the Aunt's, where, in about two Months after, their Marriage, was consummated and they have ever since lived very happily together.



A good Example for married Ladies.

A *Manda* was the only Daughter of Sir *Jasper Traffick*, a Merchant of *London*, whom Fortune and Industry from small Beginnings had made rich. She was a Lady rather of a sedate than gay Disposition, and rather an agreeable than a complete Beauty. Her good Humour and her great Fortune were sufficient Charms to recommend her to any one for a Wife, tho her Person might not be so engaging as to procure many Lovers for the Sake of Love. Among several Gallants who made their Addresses to her, Mr. *Rover*, whose Father was intimate with Sir *Jasper*, was the best receiv'd. The old Gentleman soon agreed on the Match, and the Nuptials were consummated; *Amanda* bringing her Husband 20,000*l.* and he settling an equivalent Jointure upon her. As this Match was rather a Kind of *Smith field* Bargain than an Union of two Persons who were the most dear to one another, it is not to

16 *A good Example for married Ladies.*

be wonder'd if there was a great Difference in their Tempers. *Rover* was all Gaiety, Looseness, and Extravagance; she all Gravity, Prudence, and Parsimonious. Nor did she obey her Father only in accepting him as her Husband, but taught her Heart to Love him with a perfect Tenderness. Her Husband, on the contrary, looked on the Match as a Necessity, not Choice; therefore, as he had no Love before Marriage he could scarce force himself to the Rules of common Decency after it. Within a few Months after they were married, the Fathers of *Rover* and *Amanda* both died, and left their Children to behave to one another as they thought proper, without any farther Controul over their Actions and Conduct.

Here was the Beginning of *Amanda's* hard Trials, which her Husband's foregoing Indifference gave her too certain Promise of. He now plunged headlong into all the fashionable Vices, and Extravagancies of the Age; his Life was one continued Scence of Revels and Riots. He was seldom sober, and as seldom refrained from Gaming. He was a Cully to all the Sharpers about Town; and when he had lost his Money Abroad, he constantly came to take his Revenge at Home. His Wife was generally thought the most proper Object, and he constantly used her with all the Inhumanity that his brutal Temper could inspire him with. *Amanda* bore it with Patience, and never returned him an ill natur'd Word, nor complained to her Relations who visited her; but, on the contrary, she disguised his Faults, and gave him that good Character which she hoped he would deserve.

Gaming and *Drinking* were not Vices expensive enough, but he must run into that polite one of *Keeping*. From the most infamous Part of the Town he selects a Mistress, whom he maintained in the most publick and genteel Manner: She appeared

peared like a Lady of the first Quality, and shone at the Play and Opera in Jewels once *Amanda's*. But by her Nature this Creature was insolent, proud, and wanton; she was false to him, yet he was fond of her; she quarrel'd with him only to make him buy his Peace with some extraordinary Present or other; for so bewitched was he to this Profligate, that he could not forsake her; he would have sacrificed every Thing that was dear to him to her Will. Whatever Regret, whatever Sorrows *Amanda* in private knew, she never troubled her Husband with her Reproaches, nor contradicted his Humour in its utmost Extravagance. When he came home, she received him with open Arms, and with the utmost Gentleness repaid his Brutality.

By this extravagant Course of Life his Estate was mortgaged and encumbered; Debts were every Day contracted, till they grew so numerous, and his Means of Discharging them so small, that his Goods were seized, himself arrested and hung into Prison. *Amanda's* Relations would have taken her home to them but she could not desert her Husband. She made herself a voluntary Prisoner, cherished him with kind endearing Expressions, and strove to pacify his Rage at his present Misfortunes. The Prison and Despair of ever being freed from it, threw him into a violent Fit of Sickness, in which she attended him with indefatigable Diligence, and showed the same Concern as if it had been for the most endearing of Husbands. She wept over him, grasped his Hand, and wished with the utmost Fervency he might recover: tho' it would be only to give new Proofs of his Hatred and Dislike to her. This indeed made him somewhat relent; he owned his Indiscretions in his Conduct to her, but at the same Time owned he was convinced of his Folly when too late.

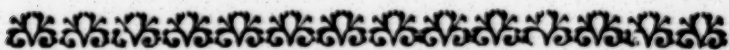
18 *A good Example for married Ladies.*

The Physicians told *Amanda*, his Life might be saved, but it must be by moving him into the Air, otherwise he would inevitably die. This was enough for the Love of *Amanda* to work on, she immediately caused his Debts to be enquired into, and found, that if she could part with her *Jointure*, it would entirely pay them off, and leave them about 50*l.* a Year to live on. She takes no Notice of any Thing to her Husband, but disposes of her *Jointure*, and sets him at Liberty. Immediately he is removed into the Country, attended with his Wife and only one Maid Servant, in order to recover his Health.

It was now that he reflected on the Falshood of his *Friends* and *Mistresses*, and the Constancy and Affection of his *Wife*, who, notwithstanding all his Barbarities, retained her Endearments and Good-nature; who nurs'd him, and supported him in Prison; who preferred a Dungeon and Obscurity with him, to Pomp and Plenty with her Relations. Convinced with these Reflections he tenderly embraced his Wife; assured her he was by her Conduct made a perfect *Convert*, and all the Proof he could give her of his Sincerity, was to make their narrow Circumstances as easy as possible. I am well repaid, my *Rover*, replied *Amanda*, for all that's past by this tender Kindness; by what I have done, I shall not suffer at all, if it may only make you think I am worthy of your Love. Then embracing, from that Moment their mutual Happiness began. He had Gratitude to love her as the best of Wives, she had Good nature enough to esteem him the best of Husbands. Heaven was not long before it rewarded such a *Reformation* in him, and so much *Virtue* in her. *Rover* within the Year, had an Estate of 2000*l. per Annum* left him by a Relation, who was charmed at his new Manner of Life, and a Son about the same Time given him to inherit it. By this unexpected Acquisition of so plentiful a Fortune, he shewed

A good Example for married Women. 19

shewed his Gratitude to *Amanda*, by settling a much larger Jointure on her, than she had disposed of to relieve him. Thus they now live in perfect Unanimity and Concord; he as an Example of *Gratitude* to the *Men*, she a strong Recommendation of *Patience* and *Good-humour* to the *Women*.



The History of TACITUS and CORINNA.

OF all matrimonial Broils and Disquietudes, none was ever conducted with more Prudence and Seerecy, than the late voluntary Separation of *Tacitus* and his fair Bride; as perhaps nothing ever gave greater Surprize to the Acquaintance of both, than to see two Persons so diametrically opposite in Temper and Character, agree in so material a Point as Matrimony.

Corinna, a Woman of the most finish'd Person, was young, gay, fond of Play to Distraction; and so careless of her Words and Actions, that her Character seem'd the least Thing in the World to be regarded; and rather than lose her Share of Pleasure in a Party at Quadrille, she would, at any Time, break thro' the Rules of Reserve and Decorum: It will seem strange, no doubt, that a Lady so taken up with Business of this Kind, should at the same Time, be the greatest Coquet in Being; but, so it was, and tho' her Lovers were so numerous, not one could boast a greater Share in her Esteem than the rest; and few more than that their Names were enter'd in her Pocket book; and, notwithstanding she had perhaps a Set of the most practis'd Admirers in the gay World, their Advances were all disregarded, for the superior Address of their powerful Rival *Pam*, to whose ill Success,
in

in falling a Victim to the *Hearts* of some of her Female Antagonists (the Consequence of which was a very considerable Loss on her Side) was owing the favourable Reception of *Tacitus*.

It was at that lucky Crisis, when great with the Thoughts of Revenge (but, thro' her ill Luck, incapable of pursuing it) he found an Opportunity of renewing his Addresses; which *Corinna* was in a much better Temper than ever to give Ear to; she, accordingly, began seriously to reflect on the Subject, and very wisely to weigh the Conveniencies and Inconveniencies attending it. *Tacitus*, she knew, was dull, hated Gaming, very cautious of giving the World Offence, and had a Veneration for an irreproachable Character: Then, on the other Side, he was good natur'd, rich, foolish enough to love her, and very easily to be impos'd on; there she look'd on as very proper Accomplishments in a Husband: Having thus call'd up the Account on each Side, on Balance she ventured to declare *Tacitus* the happy Man; and, as such, he was saluted, envied, or laugh'd at, amidst the whole Circle of his Acquaintance.

It is little to be wondered at, if a Lady, who had so great an Aversion to Restraint before Marriage, should have a much greater afterwards, when her Liberties and Indulgencies (which however before she little enough regarded) were considerably encreased; and *Corinna* was so high spirited a Creature, that she would go to the utmost Length of her Rein, let it reach as far as it would.

Many Months had not run away, during the Triumph of the Bride, over the too easy Temper of the fond and obliging *Tacitus*, e'er he began to wake from his Dream of Happiness, and coolly to reflect on the Prospect of the Continuance of it; and which, from her Behaviour at that Time, gave him very little Satisfaction: The Consequence
of

of this Reflection was a gentle Reprimand to his Lady; who, surpriz'd at this unexpected Behaviour, began to exert her Spirits a little too freely on the Occasion: Tho' the Temper of her Husband was not easily moved to Resentment, he laid up her Words till a proper Opportunity, and it was not long before he had a very sufficient Reason for such a Memorandum (for, when once Animosities are begun,* they are of too light and volatile a Nature to lie long inactive) which happened thus; — A bad Run of Cards having reduc'd the unhappy *Corinna* to draw rather too soon upon her Banker, who was no other than *Tacitus* himself, he now somewhat more severely reproved her Conduct; which Reproof had the same or worse Effect than former Reprehensions; he, however, made her no other Reply than the reminding her of an Engagement he was under for the Day; which he immediately went to fulfil, without the least Sign of granting her Request. — Now *Corinna* began to look on her Fortune as desperate, and without ever allowing Time for Reflection, or ever so much as dreaming of the Consequence, was, in the Absence of her Husband, at high Game all the Day with the celebrated *Lorenzo*; and having good Fortune on her Side, made shift to pick up an Hundred Guineas, or so, before his Return.

Perhaps no Man had ever the Command of his Passions like *Tacitus*, he pretended to be wonderfully pleased at his Wife's good Cast, and thanked the Loser with an Excess of Politeness; who, being a Man of much greater Gallantry than Penetration, went away highly diverted at what he thought the Insensibility of his Behaviour; but was not a little surprized, the next Morning, at the Receipt of the following Letter.

TO LORENZO.

SIR,

Yesterday my Wife pressed me for a Supply to her Extravagancies, which, thinking unreasonable, I refused her; but find she has other Friends to apply to, who are generous enough to make up the Deficiency of a Husband; but as I scorn to be obliged, in this Respect, to any Man in the World, I desire to know your Motive for so extraordinary a Piece of Generosity. I expect in this Place, Sir, a satisfactory Answer on the Receipt of this.

Hyde-Park, Saturday Morning.

TACITUS.

Lorenzo, who was not up when this came to his Hands, jumped out of Bed with an Air of great Satisfaction, and ordered his Man to prepare his Sword and Pistols; for he was one of those Sort of Madmen, who very strenuously stand up for that inestimable Privilege of a Gentleman—I mean, the Liberty of cutting each other's Throats, allowing no Time for redressing or repenting of an Injury till too late; while the common Race of Men are only entitled to bruise each other heartily, and live to be good Friends again, serviceable to each other, and useful Members of Community in general. — Hence animated, the gallant Lorenzo drew his Sword, and, confident of his Skill in the Science, made a Pass at the Button of his Hat lying on the Table; but by some Means or other, most luckily missed it—I say luckily, for just at that Moment it popp'd into his Head, what before he did not at all dream of, the Probability of his missing in the same Manner the injured Tacitus; upon which some further Consideration ensued, and the Effect of it was, the putting his Sword peaceably into it's Scabbard again, and writing the following Letter.

To

TO TACITUS.

SIR,

I must confess you have sufficient Reason to be incens'd—The Motive of my Generosity I need not explain; and as I am not in a Humour to repair one Injury by committing another, I am willing, if it will be to you any Satisfaction, to accept of my Purse again; for as you have an indisputable Right in the Lady, it was injurious in me to bid Money after you had bought her. However, Sir, if you are willing to part with her on any reasonable Terms, you shall find me as generous as you could wish; or, if you intend the contrary, I shall bid up no more for her.

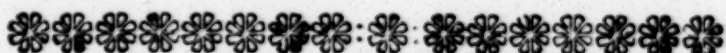
LORENZO.

Any other Man than *Tacitus*, might have possibly looked on this as the highest Affront; but, (being fully convinced that Happiness could never subsist between two Persons of such different Tempers as *Corinna* and himself) he was resolv'd at all Events, to bring about, if possible, a Separation; he accordingly went home, shew'd her *Lorenzo's* Epistle, and calmly, yet with a great deal of Resolution, made Overtures on the Score of parting — The Prospect of ready Money, and the Benefit of using her Pleasure with it, was too captivating to *Corinna*, to make her refuse almost any Thing on that Condition; the many agreeable Parties she would be enabled to make one of, and the Hopes of the Sum she might possibly gain, by having a great deal to stake, easily determin'd her Resolution. The Separation accordingly ensu'd, and, as before has been observ'd, with much less Noise than their first mutual Agreement.

Corinna appears as before, mightily taken up with Business of no Consequence, gaming, follow'd,
toasted

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toasted and admired as much as ever ; while contented *Tacitus* appears also in *Statu quo* ; reads the Papers of the Day, drinks his Glass ; and, as he is out of Danger of being accounted an old Batchelor, rails at Women, protests he values the whole Sex as a Paragraph in the News ; and says, *It is very well it is no worse.*



The Secret History of the SLIPPER ; or, the Story of LUCIUS and ROSETTA. A Fact.

LONG has it been the Wonder of the gay and young, that the most worthy to be celebrated of all Toasts, the sprightly *Rosetta*, amidst the continual Round of Pleasure she is engaged in, should preserve an extraordinary and almost a religious Veneration for a Relick, which they have all along pronounced to be nothing more than a *Morocco Slipper*. For my own Part (having studied very deeply into first and second Causes, Propositions, Solutions, Dependencies and Conclusions in Love) I have learned to *know nothing*, and to distrust my own Eyes and Ears in any Point wherein the Sense, Beauty, Wit or Discretion of the Fair Sex is disputed. Hence it is, that I have carefully avoided giving my Sentiments in so intricate a Case ; but having very happily been acquainted with the Reason of this remarkable Behaviour, I cannot forbear giving the World a faithful History of that Curiosity, which I now will venture also to call a *Slipper*. A Task, gentle Readers, that gives me much greater Satisfaction, that if I was going to give an elaborate Description of the most valuable Piece of Antiquity, the Closet

Or the Story of LUCIUS and ROSETTA. 25

Closet of any particular Virtuoso, or the most beautiful *Museum Europe* can boast of.

In a little Village on the Borders of *Hertfordshire*, liv'd the good *Sylvanus*, esteemed by all that knew him as a Blessing to Community, and an Ornament to the Body of the Clergy, of which he was a worthy Member——It was to him (as the fittest Man in the World for a Guardian) that the best of Fathers, the careful and indulgent *Russicus*, with his dying Breath, committed the beautiful *Rosetta*, at that Time of too tender an Age to know the Want, or feel the Loss of a Parent. Nor was she only entrusted to his Direction, for, partly to oblige his Acquaintance, and partly to add to the scanty Provision of his Benefice, he took under his Care the Education of five or six young Gentlemen, Sons of his intimate Friends; and to the Charge of his Sister *Lucinda*, who then resided with him, gave up *Rosetta*, and three or four other young Ladies of her own Age, by whose Company, it was his Intention to enliven her Turn of Mind, and take off the too great a Reserve of so solitary an Education. Some Years had elaps'd when our Heroine arriv'd at the Sixteenth Year of her Age, blest with every amiable Sentiment, and every Qualification to make herself and others happy: If there wanted to these any personal Accomplishments, she was tall, well shap'd, her Hair a beautiful brown, and an admirable Symmetry was preserved in her Features; and tho' there wanted much of that Lustre with which she at present appears, there was nothing even then seen deficient in her, as an accomplish'd Woman; the peculiar Sweetness and Vivacity of her Temper, making up for that Gracefulness, which is only to be acquir'd by an Intimacy with the polite World.

It would be impolite in me to enumerate *Rosetta's* Perfections, since those who have the Happiness

ness of her Acquaintance, would immediately see the Deficiency in the Writer; and as to others, the Imperfection of the Picture would too much wrong the Original, to give them any just Idea of those Beauties which are much better imagined than described. — It was now that she engaged the Attention of all the neighbouring Gentlemen, and became the reigning Toast in their noisy Entertainments: So that their Visits to *Sylvanus* became so frequent, and their not too polish'd Behaviour so very disagreeable; that it was seldom *Rosetta*, who well knew on whose Account those Visits were paid, would condescend to oblige them with her Company. Her Reserve in this, was however so far from being any Restraint on the Manners of these roaring Squires, that all of them, very wisely as they thought, took hold of every Opportunity, very full of that great Proverb, *faint Heart never wins a fair Lady*; and whenever she came within Arms reach, seiz'd hold of her, and took a Kiss by main Force; glorying at the same Time at the Success of their Enterprize, notwithstanding the most severe Frown or forbidding Look, was the Reward of their Insolence. *Rosetta* was in this Situation, when the gay and charming *Lucius*, arriv'd at the Seat of Mr. *Belmont*, a Neighbour and Patron to *Sylvanus*. — It was impossible for a young Gentleman of our Heroe's Constitution (conscious of the Power of his Address, and rich with the Spoil of an Hundred Hearts) not to be inquisitive concerning the Beauties of *B——d*, or (if he could be thought to neglect a Question of this kind) that he should long be ignorant of those Charms, which had already made such a Noise in that Part of the Country. — Mr. *Belmont*, a Man of Honour and Integrity, preserv'd, tho' in the Decline of Life, all that Gaiety necessary to make Age agreeable, without the least of that Puerility which renders it extremely

Or the Story of LUCIUS and ROSETTA. 27

tremely ridiculous. It is no wonder then, that a Gentleman of this Cast of Mind, possess'd also of a compleat Knowledge of the World, join'd to many amiable Qualifications, in an eminent Degree, should meet sometimes with an agreeable Reception from *Rosetta*; for whom he had acquired even a paternal Tenderness, and seem'd to share the Task of Guardian with his Friend.——It was by this Gentleman, that *Lucius* was first introduc'd at *Sylvanus's* House, after having been mortified a whole Week, every Day hearing the most extravagant Encomiums on her, without being able to prevail on his Friend to pay her a single Visit: At last, however, having sufficiently rallied him for his Impatience, the compassionate *Belmont* acquainted the good Clergyman, by a Servant, that his Visitor and himself intended to dine with him next Day. *Lucius* would have had him spare the Ceremony, but was obliged to acquiesce with no little Uneasiness. It is however to be doubted, whether the greatest Pain of an eager Curiosity, could equal the Pleasure he received in the Gratification of his, in the Sight of the beautiful *Rosetta*.——It is expected, perhaps, by those who are versed in Novels, and such kind of Writings, that our Hero's Expectations were so far exceeded, that he was struck with such an Excess of Admiration, he could not eat a single Morsel or open his Mouth; but sat and look'd like a Fool the whole Time of his Visit: But I must own I had rather break thro' the Rules of Writing, than relate any Circumstance contrary to the Truth; not that I would assert such a Surprise unnatural.——On the contrary, I myself have more than once experienc'd the Truth of it; but it was not so in the present Case, which, however, I will not attribute to the Want of Power in the Object, but to the Happiness of *Lucius's* Situation —— There is no one Qualification, perhaps beside, that may be rendered so agreeable,

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able, and yet so easily disagreeable as Modestly ; as the least Degree too little gives us the Idea of Impudence, so the smallest Particles too much, has immediately a very ridiculous Effect. Our Hero was extremely happy in this Respect, and as he well knew an Excess of Modestly was the most disadvantageous Companion a young Fellow could be troubled with ; he took Care to carry as little about him as possible ; by which Means he was blest with a lucky Indifference, a Carelessness of pleasing, which is the surest to please, a Situation of Mind, which nothing but a commendable Self Confidence can give us. — Hence it was, that (tho' his Surprise, as may be imagined, was not a little, to find a young Creature so much more worthy of his Adoration, than the shining Beauties he had so often sigh'd for) stifling every Thing more than a decent Emotion, which his good Manners could not fail of paying her Person at first Sight, he appeared free from any disagreeable Restraint, as the most accomplished Gentleman she had ever beheld.

If the Heart of *Lucius* was too much experienced to be taken Captive at first Sight, *Rosetta*, without reflecting on the real Cause, began to be strangely partial to the Words, Looks and Actions of this engaging Stranger. The first Visit was, in short, too agreeable on all Sides not to be repeated ; while the frequent Pleasure the amorous *Lucius* possess'd in the Company of our Heroine, gave them both too many Opportunities to encrease the good Opinion they had conceived of each other, not to make their Conversation soon become more interelling. Our Lovers, for such I may now venture to call them, had not been long in this Situation, when the Death of *Lucinda* subjected *Rosetta* to the Care of an officious Governess, whose Name was *Prudella*. In this Woman might be seen all the Ill Nature of disappointed Youth ; and the Affectation of good Humour and Sprightliness,

Or the Story of LUCIUS and ROSETTA. 29

Sprightliness, her Years and Temper of Mind were very averse to. A certain unmeaning Cast was stamped on her Features, which however lost no Beauty, for want of Variety in Position; for, as she was still of a very amorous Disposition, having at first Sight taken an extravagant Affection for *Lucius*, it gave her not a little Difficulty to regulate her Looks and Behaviour, so as to convince him of her Passion, in such a Manner, that he might not mistake her Smiles for that natural Affability she pretended to; this was a Task not easily reconciled to her very severe Pretensions to Modesty, and therefore reduced her into a terrible Dilemma. This afforded our Hero, who had Penetration enough to discover its Motive, a good deal of Diversion, as he thought it undoubtedly very pleasant, to see an old wanton Prude in these ridiculous Circumstances. But as he could not conquer his Antipathy to her, so far as to be guilty of the least Shew of Tenderneſs, she took Fire at his Neglect of her Advances, which she was conscious he must be sensible of. It was now, and not before, that she suspected the real Cause of that Neglect, and resolv'd at all Hazards to avenge herself, not only on *Lucius* as the Offender, but on *Rosetta* as the first Cause of that Offence. And it was not long before an Opportunity offered, which gave her room to prosecute her Intention, and me a Foundation to this History: For, as after this, she took all possible Care that our Lovers should seldom be together, and when that could not be avoided, was sure herself to make a third in their Conversation; they were reduced to the Necessity of concerted Assignations.

It was at this Time that Mr. *Bellmont*, being absent on some Business at *London*, *Lucius*, under Pretence of diverting himself with *Sylvanus's* Pupils, resided with the good Clergymen entirely, attending his School Hours and Lectures; but whether he

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he was not too much engaged to profit much by them I will not say. But this is not to our Purpose — The Hour of Affignation was one Night come, when our Hero in his Night-Gown, waiting impatiently in an Alcove at the End of a Row of Chesnut Trees in the Garden, was blessed with the Approach of the charming *Rosetta*.

I could here launch into a florrid Diction with admirable Facility, to describe the Beauty of the Evening, and the Extacy of a Lover, on seeing his Mistress come tripping along the Grass, like the Queen of the Faries by Moon Light. But as it would swell this History too much, I leave my Readers who have tasted that Pleasure, to their own Reflections, and to those who have not, to the Fertility of their Imaginations. But in what Degree soever may be supposed the Flow of Spirits at that Instant; at the same Rate must we judge of the sudden Check they received at the Sight of the indefatigable *Prudella*, who it seems not being able to sleep (I don't say for what Reason) had been looking thro' her Window, facing the Garden; and on seeing *Rosetta*, thought herself in Duty oblig'd to take Care of her Charge; therefore was guilty of what else might be construed a Piece of Impertinence. Our Lovers were however so much on their Guard, as to see her at some Distance, on which it was thought proper that *Lucius* should abscond; which, before he could prevail on himself to do, she was so very near, that he was seen by her; but, under Cover of the Night, so as not to be distinguish'd from any other Person. But if lucky in this, he was as unfortunate in his Escape to shuffle off one of his Slippers, which the Fear of Discovery prevented his putting on again. — It is easy to imagine the Effect of a Meeting between *Rosetta* and her Governante, who was so quick-sighted as to secure the Slipper, as an undeniable Proof of the
Party

Party escap'd ; which however she needed no such Proof of. This was too favourable an Occasion to indulge her Spirit of Revenge, for *Prudella* to let slip ; she therefore (loading her with the most bitter Invectives) in a manner dragg'd the trembling Innocence to the Chamber of the good *Sylvanus*, whom she soon rais'd from his Slumbers with no little Clamour. His Surprize could not be equal'd, perhaps, on seeing his tender Ward half dead with Fear, as having no Reason to doubt what *Prudella's* Malice would insinuate : Notwithstanding the Love this paternal Guardian bore for *Rosetta*, the Governante had too great a Share in his Esteem, and knowing her Influence, told her Story in the grossest Terms, and the vilest Assertions : But tho' the Agitation the good Clergyman was in cannot be express'd, he preserved his usual Serenity of Conduct, and ordered every one who had been disturb'd on that Occasion, to their respective Appartments ; and then led the gentle *Rosetta* to *Prudella's* Chamber, there to examine more seriously the Charge laid against her, which her Accuser still exaggerated by the frequent Mention of the Slipper.— But guess the Surprize on every Side, when, in the Bed-Chamber of this very *Prudella*, was found the Fellow to that Slipper she still held in her Hand.— The Reader may perhaps wonder how it came there ; but his Surprize will vanish, on reflecting, that *Lucius* missing the Preserver of one Foot, might in passing *Prudella's* Window, possibly toss in the other ; which indeed was the Case, and it had the Effect intended ; for the Governante, so confounded at the Sight (imagining a much deeper Plot laid for her than there really was) had not a single Word more to alledge against the still trembling *Rosetta* : and which seemed so great a Proof of her Guilt to *Sylvanus*, that tho' he could not tell what to make of so intricate an Affair, he at once dried *Rosetta's* Tears,

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Tears, by pronouncing her innocent of any Crime committed against Honour, Discretion or Virtue: For that Night, he was however contented to defer clearing up a Point, which he imagined must turn to the Governante's Confusion; whose Situation of Mind I wont pretend to describe, but I imagine she would, that Night, have been a very disagreeable Bed-fellow. In the Morning her Evidence being entirely laid aside, it was easy for *Lucius* to clear up what he himself had been the Author of; which he did to such an Advantage, that the disappointed *Prudella* was dismiss'd, and on *Lucius's* being call'd abroad on the Death of his Uncle, the beautiful *Rosetta* was entrusted to the Care of the agreeable *Vanella*, and her own Discretion, in Town: In which Situation I need say nothing of her to the polite World.

It is on this Account then, that celebrated Beauty preserves such a Regard for one of those *Slippers*, but which of them it is, tho' I made very strict Enquiry, I am at a Loss to determine.—*Lucius* is now upon his Return Home, possessed of a competent Fortune, and we soon expect the News of their approaching Nuptials.



The ungrateful Lover, or the Amours of **LYSANDER and CLIMENE.**

C *CLIMENE*, a celebrated Toast, was sitting one Evening in her Chamber, full of tender Languishments, and possibly debating within herself which, among her Train of Admirers, she should make the happy Man; when *Lysander* came to visit her—She was, at that Time, too indolent to quit her

her Chair, and not thinking herself obliged to use any Ceremony with a Person who declared himself her Lover, ordered he should be shewed into the Room where she was. On his first Approach, he entertained her, as usual, with the Violence of his Passion, which, influenced by the Humour she was in, more than any Preference she gave him above the others who addressed her, she received with greater Condescensions than he had ever found in her before.—He is a Man of Intrigue, and too much acquainted with the Sex not to perceive that this was the Crisis in which, if ever, he might accomplish his Design;—————resolving not to let it slip, he plyed her with Protestations of the most dying Love,—vowed the Impossibility of living without her,—run into extravagant Encomiums of every Charm, but dwelt the most on those of her Neck and Breast; till the transporting Contemplation made the Liberty he took in pressing them with his Lips and Hands seem to her not altogether inexcusable.—Finding the Repulses she gave him were not accompanied with much Resentment, and that she every Moment abated somewhat of her Fierceness, he became still bolder, and regarding more the Language of her Eyes than Tongue, desisted not till he had nothing farther to implore or wish for.

This doubtless was, what Lovers call the lucky Moment, and put the amorous *Lysander* in Possession of all those Joys which not an Hour before he half despaired of ever being Master of, even by the most honourable Means; for in Truth there were others who had made Suit to her with greater Advantages of Birth, Fortune, and even Comeliness of Person to recommend them.

He it was, however, who was destined to triumph, not only over her Heart, but also over a Virtue which was looked upon as impregnable. Certain it is, that till that fatal Juncture, he had no other
View

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View in his Addressee, than to make her his Wife, and happy would he have thought himself to have that Way compleated his Desires; but now it was quite other wise with him:—He thought no more on Marriage; and when she pressed him to it, as she often did with Tears and bitter Agonies, his whole Care was to find some Pretence or other for a plausible Excuse for the *Delay* of what was far from his Intentions ever to perform. As he had some Awe upon him, however, of her Friends, (one of whom in particular had it in his Power to prejudice him in a very advantageous and honourable Post he holds under him,) he durst not by a plain Refusal of what she expected from him, drive her to such Extremities, as might endanger her flying to that Person for Revenge; therefore artfully evaded her Importunities, till his fertile Wit at length enabled him to form a Stratagem to get rid of them entirely; which was this.

He hired a House ready furnished, in a genteel Part of the Town, and placed the oldest and most deformed Woman he could find as Mistress of it, with Servants and every Thing else besitting the Condition of a Person of Fashion.—Having given her proper Instructions for her Behaviour, he went one Day to *Climene*, and entreated she would accompany him in a Visit he was to make that Afternoon to a Female Relation, who lived for the most Part in the Country, and was lately come to *London*. This was a Request which she made no Scruple to comply with, and was accordingly conducted by him to the Scene where the Plot he had contrived was to be acted.

As soon as they entered into a very handsome Dining-Room, the old Creature came in, dressed in so gay and tawdry a Manner, as rendered her, if possible, more disagreeable than Nature and Time had made her.—*Madam*, said *Lyfander*, presenting
Climene

Climene to her, *I have brought a young Lady to you, whose Conversation will oblige you to have a better Opinion of this Town than you have hitherto entertained.*

On this the mock Gentlewoman saluted her fair Guest, and they being seated, *My Dear*, said she to *Lysander*, taking him fondly by the Hand at the same Time, *I should have no Aversion to London, if I had more of your Company when I am in it; but if this pretty Lady would vouchsafe to spend some Time with me, I should hope to see you less seldom.*

You must endeavour to persuade her then, replied he with a Smile, *if you imagine her Presence will have so much Attraction; —but come, where is your Tea? —you know I always drink it early.*

She made no Answer, but went out of the Room as if to order what he desired; but in reality that he might have Opportunity, as had been agreed between them, to give the finishing Stroke to the Confusion poor *Climene* was already involved in, by what she had seen and heard.

You perceive, Madam, I am certain, said he with the most seeming Timidity in his Face and Voice, *the Reason of my evading to accept a Happiness, which had it been in my Power, I would otherwise have died to maintain; —I had not Courage to relate the Story of my Misfortune, therefore brought you to be a Witness of it.*

Good God! cried she, *is it possible you are married —and to such a Creature! —But what is her Age or Ugliness to me? —How dare you think of making your Court to a Woman of my Birth, knowing yourself under such Circumstances?*

To which he replied, that he was married before he ever saw her, and that when he did so, was too much in Love to be able to conceal his Passion; —that his Wife was at that Time, sick and given over by the Physicians, and that he believed Death would soon have set him at Liberty to give his Hand
where

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where he had given his *Heart*;—and concluded with laying the Blame of all he had done on her Beauty and his own resistless Passion: But his Flatteries had now lost all their Force; she could neither forgive him nor herself, and the Emotions of mingled Rage, Surprise and Grief, were so violent, that it threw her into a kind of Convulsion;—the pretended Wife and Servants were all called in to her Assistance, and applying proper Remedies, she was at last brought to herself. As soon as she was so, she desired a Chair might be called, nor could all their Persuasions prevail on her to stay in a House where she had received so cruel a Shock, not to permit the perjured Author of it to attend her Home.

This was no more than what *Lysander* expected, and indeed, less than he could in Reason have expected in so trying an Affair; but having a consummate Assurance, he went to visit her the next Day: The Confusion her Mind was still in had made her forget to give Orders to be denied to him, and he was admitted as usual. —He stood her Upbraidings, conscious how much he merited them, till finding she had railed herself out of Breath, he made use of all the soothing Arguments he was Master of to bring her to more Moderation, but none had so much Effect as the Impossibility of recalling what was past, and that Patience was the only Remedy for an irretrievable Misfortune. —When she was grown, by Degrees, into a Disposition of Mind capable of listening to such a Request, he entreated she would not discover his Marriage, which though he told her had been consummated some Years, he had kept an inviolable Secret to all the World, on account of his Wife's Age and Deformity. To this she at last consented, not to oblige him, or for his Sake, for she now hated him enough to have rejoiced in an Opportunity of rendering his supposed
Choice

Choice the Subject of Ridicule among all who knew him; but for the Sake of her own Reputation, thinking it would be a Reflection on her Character to have it said a married Man thought so slightly of it, as to presume to offer his Addresses.

It was to this little Pride alone, *Lysander* owed the accomplishing his Point, which having done, he took his leave of her for the last Time, she insisting on never seeing him any more, except Chance threw him in her Way, and then to behave to each other as Persons perfectly indifferent.

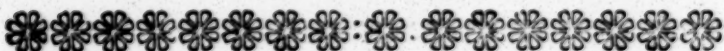
Climene's Vexation was not so violent as to hinder her from considering what would become her to do, in order to stop any Discourse on her so suddenly breaking off with a Man, whose Addresses, it was publicly known, she had for a long Time encouraged; she therefore told all her Friends and Acquaintance, that she never had an Intention to marry *Lysander*, but had permitted him to see her merely to make Trial of the Love and Fidelity of *Horatio*, which since she had sufficiently proved by this Means, she would no longer delay making him as happy as it was in her Power to do.

This gained an easy Belief with every one, and even with *Horatio* himself, to whom she is now married, and both either are, or seem to be, very much devoted to each other.

All *Lysander* had to Wish, is now compleated, by her having disposed of herself, and put it out of her Power to interfere with any Thing he should do; his inconstant Heart having entertained a Passion for *Mariana*, whom he is now at Liberty to pursue without any Fears what the Resentment of the other, for the Trick he had put upon her, might act against him.—I hope, however, the Object of his new Flame may be Mistress of a greater Share of Reserve and Caution, than either to be seduced from her Virtue by his Pretensions of Constancy, or

from doing herself Justice on his Falshood, by the like Artifice he practised on *Climene*.

This Story I dedicate entirely to the Use of the Fair-sex, in order to remind them how one unguarded Moment may destroy the Peace of their whole Lives; for doubtless *Climene*, as she is a Woman of Honour, is not without Reflections full of Shame and Remorse for her Misconduct. I would fain, therefore, have the *Ladies*, as well as the *Men*, well weigh the Consequences of every Thing they are about to do, before they bring it to Action: But, as Human Nature is frail, and I have heard say, that there are Times in which the wisest and most resolute may be overcome, I would give every Woman this Advice,—that whenever she finds in herself the least Propensity to a too tender Inclination, to avoid seeing the Object,—to fly his dangerous Approach; and though Love pleads never so strongly in his Favour, to repel the sweet Impulse, and be persuaded to do a short Violence on herself, rather than run any Hazard of incurring those lasting Pains, which must infallibly attend a Condescension ill repaid.



*The fatal Effect of too sudden Surprises of
Joy, or the History of FLORIO, and
FIDELIA.*

FLORIO, a young Gentleman of a good Family, possessed not of a large, but of an easy Fortune, and endowed with every Virtue that could render both himself and another happy in a married State, and long paid his Addresses to the fair *Fidelia*, the Daughter of a Gentleman in his Neighbourhood,
whose

whose agreeable Behaviour, universal good Humour and Affability, joined to one of the most amiable Persons, and an innocent Simplicity natural to herself alone, had so gained on his yet unwounded Heart, that he found he could not live without being put in full Possession of her Charms; and his innate Worth, pleasing Manner, and unaffected Politeness had raised an equal Passion in her Breast. He made Application to her Parents, who very readily gave their Consent. In the mean Time *Malvolio*, a Man of a larger Fortune than *Florio*, but who had as many bad Qualities as he had good ones, likewise made Pretensions to her Favour. But her Father, who was a Man of too much Sense, and who had too much Regard for the real Happiness of his Daughter, not to give the Preference to *Florio's* superior Merit, hurried up the Match as soon as possible, in order to put it out of *Malvolio's* Power to influence her to his Advantage. The Nuptials were accordingly celebrated with an universal and unfeigned Joy on all Sides, and the Day following was appointed for the Bride and Bridegroom to go down to a Country seat of *Florio's* near the Sea-side. The disappointed Rival, who had secret Intelligence of every Thing that passed, resolved to make use of this Opportunity to put one of the blackest Designs in Execution. He laid an Ambuscade for them in an unfrequented Road they were to go through, and, attended by ten Russians arm'd with Carbines and Cutlasses, attacked the Coach they were in. *Florio* defended himself with the greatest Bravery, and presently laid four of them dead at his Feet; but overpowered by Numbers at last he fell, and, with all his Servants slain around him, was left for dead: At this Sight the wretched *Fidelia* fainted away, and in that Condition, was hurried along and carried on board a Vessel, which the vile Assassin had got ready, and which immediately set sail for *France*.

As soon as they arrived thither, he offered to marry her; but she with the greatest Contempt and Disdain rejected his Offer, telling him, she would sooner die than submit to what was worse than Death, the Embraces of her Husband's Murderer; her Rage and Grief adding thereto the most opprobrious Terms she could make use of, which so enraged him, that he told her she was now in his Power, that he would give her but three Days to consider of it, and, if she did not in that Time come to Reason, he would then make use of Force to obtain what he now asked as a Favour: In vain were all her Tears, Prayers, and Intreaties for a longer Respite; he would hear no more, but left her in the greatest Depth of Agony and Despair. Often did she think of putting an End to her wretched Life before the Expiration of the Time allowed her, and as often did her Virtue and Piety restrain her from committing so great a Crime; when at length an innocent Stratagem presented itself to her Mind, which was (having got over one of her Tyrant's Servants by Presents and Intreaties to favour her Design) to take a Medicine, which, without doing her any farther Mischief, would throw her into so sound a Sleep, that she should seem in all outward Appearance dead; this she did, and *Malvolio*, who imagined she had poisoned herself, finding himself again frustrated in his base Designs, and fearing he might be brought to Trouble on Suspicion of having murdered her, had her buried as privately as possible; after which the Servant, who had been intrusted with the Secret, took Care to have the Tomb and Coffin opened, before the Effect of the Medicine could be quite over; and *Fidelia*, by his Assistance, and under the Covert of the Night, presently got out of the Territories of *France*, and fled to *Holland*.

As those who have no Sense of Honour, cannot have any Notion of the more refined and noble Sentiments of Love to their Country, *Malvolio*, who was now afraid to come to *England* on Account of *Florio's* Murder, immediately entered himself in the *French* Army, which was then going to *Flanders*, in order to garrison some Towns, which it was expected the *English* Troops, at that Time embarking, intended to besiege; where let us leave him, and return to *England*.

Some Gentlemen, riding by the Place where *Florio* and his Servants lay, gave Notice of it at the next Village, brought People thither, and had them all carried to an Inn, whither a Surgeon was sent for to examine them, who found they were all quite dead, excepting *Florio*, in whom some small Signs of Life appeared. They put him in a warm Bed, had his Wounds dressed, and in a Fortnight's Time he was so perfectly recovered as to be able to remove to his own House: When he made all possible Enquiry after *Malvolio* and *Fidelia*. He presently found they were gone to *France*, wherefore he sent Letters thither for Intelligence; but how great was his Grief and Surprize, when by the Answers that were returned him, he found *Malvolio* was there, but that nobody had seen or knew any thing of *Fidelia*; he presently concluded that he must have ravished and murdered her, and painted every Circumstance in his Mind, under the most shocking and horrid Appearances that the most cruel Barbarity could invent or imagine. Not being able to bear Life without her, resolved to be revenged of the Villain who had deprived him of her, and hearing that *Malvolio* was enlisted in the Service of the King of *France*, he settled his Affairs here, and bought a Commission in the *English* Army at that Time under the Command of the Duke of *Marlborough*. He behaved with the greatest Bravery in several Engagements,

gagements, and in one it chaced to be his Lot to meet with *Malvolio*, when it pleased the Almighty Director of all Things, who never fails to punish those whose long continued Course of Wickedness has justly drawn his Wrath upon them, to put his avenging Sword in *Florio's* Hand. Honour, Revenge, and Detestation of *Malvolio's* Crimes, added to a deep Despair and Disregard for his own Safety, guided his Arm so surely, that tho' his Antagonist was as good a Swordsman as any in the *French* Army, he could not oppose the Fury of his first Attack, but presently received a mortal Wound; he fell, and, finding his End approaching, he then too late was brought to a just Sense of his Guilt, implored Forgiveness of *Florio*, told him his Wife was dead, but assured him she died unspotted, and expired.

Fidelia, in the mean Time, having got safe to *Holland*, and taken Lodgings there till she could find a convenient Opportunity of returning Home, but in the greatest Grief for the Loss of her Husband, had sent Letters to her Relations in *England* to let them know she was still living; and they had likewise remitted others to the Packet-boat for her and *Florio*, to let them know respectively of each other's Fortune; which had they received they might both have still been happy, and reaped the just Reward of all their Virtues; but unfortunately two or three Mails being impeded by contrary Winds, these Letters came to neither of their Hands.

Florio, being now perfectly assured from what *Malvolio* had told him, that his Wife was dead, resolved to remain in the Army; and altho' he durst not himself put an End to his wretched Life, insupportable as it was to him without his dear *Fidelia*, yet he determined to expose himself to any Danger, where he might be able to lose it nobly in the Service of his Country. However, the Army was
now

now going into Winter Quarters, and the General had already assign'd to all the Officers their respective Lodgings, and his among the rest; but, when he came to the House which had been appointed for him, what Object first should strike his ravished Eyes but his beloved, his faithful, long lost Wife! How vast and inexpressible was the Surprise and Joy of both! How tender was the Scene at first, but ah! at last how fatal; they stood for a few Minutes motionless; at length, as by some mutual Impulse, they rush'd into each other's Embraces; Tears forc'd their Way, where Words could not find Utterance; the sudden Transport of an unexpected Meeting, after so long having believed one another dead, was more than they could bear, and they expir'd in each other's Arms without speaking a single Word.



*The DISCREET WIFE; or, the LAPSED
HUSBAND Reclaimed.*

IN the gay Reign of King *Charles*, there was a young Lady, whom I call *Prudentia*, who was one of the Maids of Honour to the Dutches of *York*, that drew the Attention of the whole Court upon her; she was the reigning Toast of that gailant Age, and equally admired by the Men of Pleasure, and Men of Wit; with her Beauty she was strictly modest; with her Wit she was prudent and good-natured. Among her numerous Train of Admirers, none seemed so agreeable as the young Lord *Amiable*; who incapable of any base Designs, even when such Designs were thought rather an Honour than a Reflection, gave such Assurances of his Love, that *Prudentia* easily surrendered her Heart.

Prudentia's

Prudentia's Aunt, who was her Guardian readily consented to the Match, and the Nuptials were celebrated with mutual Joy. As this was a Marriage not made up by Treaty, but free Choice and Inclination, they did not fall into the modish Coldness, and complaisant Indifference People of Fashion are soon apt to do. My Lord was a Man of unusual Sweetness and Affability of Temper, which when joined to that of *Prudentia's*, must necessarily make him happy with his Wife; yet this Happiness of Temper drew him into some Misfortunes; his Easiness and Credulity, or the Generosity and Openness of some Companions, had like to have lessened his domestick Felicity, had not the Discretion of *Prudentia* prevented it.

My Lord had contracted a most intimate Acquaintance with one Mr *Grinly*, a Man of Pleasant Conversation, who could tell a Story well, sing agreeably, was an arch Mimic, and in short a humourous Droll, whose particular Talent was to make People laugh. Such was his publick Character, but this was only a Mask to conceal the tricking *Camester*, and designing *Pander*. To render himself more powerful with Men of Quality. he made himself instrumental to their *Follies*, or their *Vices*, and was never without some new Face to engage his Acquaintance. My Lord *Amia le* was not inclinable to any of those Vices *Grinly* was Procurer of, yet this Wretch had Cunning enough to draw him into all. With Drinking his Health soon began to impair, with Losses his Temper was often ruffled, with wenching that Fondness and cordial Love he used to shew his Lady, began to cease. *Prudentia* was not a little concerned at this Conduct; she too well knew of all Vices, yet discreetly thought that any violent Opposition would but heighten the Mischief; she took Care to make *Homo* as easy to him as possible; studious to please him, she never disgusted him with harsh Reproaches,

or satirical Reflections on his Conduct. Neither, tho' careful to please him, did she run into an Extreme of Fondness; she was not fond, when she thought it would be disagreeable, for she knew that a Wife without Discretion, might make the tenderest Endearments the most troublesome. *Prudentia* was gay or fond as she found her Lord in the Temper to receive either; and without letting him know that she had Intimation of his Gaming abroad, would propose Cards or Hazard at home, with such Company as she thought would please him, and never forgot to include Mr. *Grinly* among them.

Sometimes her Proposal was accepted, and by that Means she found out the *Sharper*, the *Pander*, the *Flatterer*, and the *Villain*, in the crolling Mr. *Grinly*.

Luckily for this discreet Lady, it happened, that at the same Time, Mrs. *Thoughtless*, a beautiful Lady who had married my Lord's Brother was extremely uneasy by her Jealousy; for being certainly informed of her Husband's keeping a Women of the Town, and at the same Time being ruined by Sharppers at Gaming, Mrs. *Thoughtless* came one Day to complain to my Lord of her Husband's bad Conduct and Falshood to her Bed. She cried, she raved, and threatened not to live a Moment with him longer. My Lord did what he could to pacify her, but all in Vain; my Lady succeeded better, who taking this Opportunity to shew my Lord his own Foibles thus addressed herself to her Sister:

I fancy, dear Sister, you want a little prudential good Humour to reclaim your Husband; Beauty and Wit will not avail without Discretion: There is a passive Kind of Virtue necessary to shew him his Folly; it must not be done with Ill-nature, and constant Reproaches on his Conduct, which I am afraid is your Method. If my Lord *Amiable* was guilty of the same Follies (which I dare affirm he
never

never will) I should myself act as I advise you. You have Beauty enough to please a Husband, have therefore an equal Desire to do it; be the more studious of his Humour, as he is the more faulty in his Conduct; and let your Affability shew his Injustice in wronging you. Nor can you think this Policy false, when the Mistresses Men visit, shew all their little Arts to please them, and render their Company agreeable, and this for gain only, without Honour, without Conscience, and without Love. Why then should not a virtuous Woman shew as great a Desire to please her Husband, as the artful Jilts do to please their Gallants! In short, make *Home* entirely easy to him, and by endeavouring to fix his Felicity, you will fix your own.

Mrs. *Thoughtless* was pleased with her Advice, my Lord approved it, and was secretly touched to the Soul for his Transgressions against so incomparable a Wife, who had *acted* what she *spoke*, and had more personal Charms than the Woman his false Friend had introduced him to. When he had recollected himself, he proposed that his Sister should bring her Husband to Dinner next Day, and that his Lady should repeat what she had already said, and he was assured it would have an excellent Effect. It was agreed on, but with this discreet Caution of Lady *Amiable*, that her Discourse should be directed to my Lord, to take off any Suspicion for Mr. *Thoughtless*.

The next Day she met and my Lord *Amiable* saw himself discreetly attacked by his Lady for his *real* Follies, while she seemed to take them *imaginary*. To what she had said before, she added some Reflections on the ill Choice Men of Quality made of their Acquaintance, among whom are the merry laughing *Buffoons*, who lead them into all the Vices of the Age, made the false Pretence to Friendship; at which Words, looking at my Lord in the most tender Manner, concluded: These, my Lord, are wretched Friends,

Friends, who lead you into such Evils; on the contrary, the Friendship between Man and Wife is cemented by Virtue, Love, and Interest, and cannot be dissolved, without destroying the Happiness of both. Let not then, my Lord, any false Friend deceive you to your Ruin. I desire a Continuance of your Love, only so long as I endeavour to deserve it — At these last Words, my Lord, overcome with soft Reproach, flung himself about her Neck, and, amidst a thousand Kisses, promised mutual Love and mutual Happiness. These Transports were followed by the like in the Brother and his Wife, who owned himself a Convert to Virtue and Matrimonial Love. Thus what neither *Beauty* nor *Wit* could effect, *Discretion* did: Their Lives afterwards were prosperous, and their Death happy.



*The DISHONOURABLE LOVER; in a Letter
to a Friend.*

I Shall begin with telling you, my dear Friend, what may surprize you, that what I have heard you recommend to our Sex, as the only Method to true Happiness, has made me unhappy—a Love of Virtue.—To explain this Riddle—I have for some Time been address'd by a young Gentleman, in whom all Charms seem'd to meet for my undoing. His Conversation was genteel and engaging; his Person form'd to please, but his Soul fill'd with Treachery and Hypocrisy. Such was the Man, who after frequent Visits, and constant Pretensions to honourable Love, won so far upon my Affections, as to make me confess the Esteem I had for him. Scarce had he gain'd this Confession from me, but
this

48 *The DISHONOURABLE LOVER.*

this artful treacherous Creature changed the Scene. At the next Visit he began a Conversation which surprized me; for he ridiculed Marriage as the Invention of Priestcraft, an Imposition on Mankind, and that true Love required no such Ties. In short, with a great deal of Gravity he would have persuaded me to have yielded up my Honour. Believe me, Sir, this unexpected Proposal struck me with so much Horror, that I could not immediately make him any Answer; but when I had a little recovered myself, I shewed such a Detestation to his Discourse, and urged such Reasons against him, that he asked Pardon in the most submissive Terms, and owned himself convinced of his Error. Pleas'd with imaginary Conquest, I readily forgave him. Several Days passed, and nothing but the most solemn Protestations of a virtuous Love and Esteem were uttered by him, till being alone with him, he endeavoured to possess by Force, that he could not gain by false Vows and false Arguments; but I was again Conqueror, and again Fool enough to believe him. If the most modest Behaviour and tenderest Expressions were a Sign of real Love, he for some Time shewed it, but it was only to introduce another Artifice, in a Manner he hoped would succeed. He own'd he thought Marriage the only solid Happiness, and desired I would give my Consent to have him. My Heart would not let me deny what it so much wish'd for; I contented immediately, and he fix'd the Day. We joined Hands, to make the Engagement more sacred. But while he grasped mine, looking eagerly upon me, he cried in a tender Tone of Voice—*Now, now, my Dear, we are in the Sight of Heaven, actually Man and Wife, you have now nothing to fear on account of your Virtue; for what before would have been your Dishonour, is now become your Duty. For, me no longer those Pleasures I have now a just Claim to, and which I will ever repay with mutual Love, and mutual Constancy, or may Hea-*
ven

The DISHONOURABLE LOVER. 49

ven pour on me all the Curses——Here I interrupted him, and bid him not to call down his Vengeance on his Head; I see, Sir, said I, your Design, and that you are not shock'd to desire Heaven to be Witness to your Falshood; you design not to marry me, for would you think me worthy to be your Wife, when you had found me wicked enough to be your——what I cannot name to you.——No, Sir, you are base enough to be bent on my Ruin, but at least it shall be innocent. I have been weak enough to confess I loved you. I do so; but unless you intend to perform your Promise, never see me more; I shall bear the Pain of losing the Man I esteem, but never can the Reflection of the Loss of Virtue.——On this he protested his Intention still honourable, and I shall soon be convinced they were. We parted; I in Hopes of being happy, he with a Design never to see me more, for the next Morning he sent me the following Billet.

Madam,

Your Notion of Virtue and mine don't at all agree; nor do your Sentiments about Marriage; in Complaisance I gave up the Argument; but here I shall take the Liberty to tell you I never intend to marry, therefore you'll be troubled with no more Occasions to shew your Virtue to (once)

Yours,

LUCIUS.



LETTERS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

FLORIMOND *to* EMILIA.

Fair One,

IF you meant last Night to be extremely malicious, you certainly succeeded; you distinguished yourself by severe Reflections on our Sex, and you distinguished me by pointing all those Reflections against a very trivial Expression, which drop'd from me by Chance. Well, Madam, you railed at Men, but I don't believe Mankind are much affected with it; you have mortified your Admirer merely because he is so, is not this playing the Tyrant? They say the late Emperor of *Morocco* used to threaten all the Princes of *Europe*, but they did not much regard it, because they were out of his Reach; but when he threatned his Slaves they trembled like me, because they were at the Tyrant's Mercy. You twice mentioned *Alonzo* to that most
human

humane Lady, who put you upon declaiming: Shall I ask you who that *Alonzo* was? Perhaps some Tale hangs by it, not unlike that which the Spectator tell us of *Yarico* and *Inkle*; but grant it is so, or worse, it only proves that there are Monsters among Men, and not that Men are Monsters. You may doubtless, if you will ransack all your Romances and Novels, pick up a hundred Instances of Falshood, Treachery and Bateness; but of what Use they will be to you when they are pick'd up I cannot say, unless it would be to encourage you in the laudable Project of either turning Nun abroad, or living an old Maid at Home. Believe me, Madam, Men of Honour think as contemptibly of bad Men, as any of you can do; they scorn to undertake their Defence, and therefore it is Cruelty to upbraid them with Stories of their Misdeeds; their Faults regard not them, why then should their Punishments? That they are Men as well as we, is true; but that we are as bad as they, for that Reason, would be on odd Inference.

*Tho' Man to Man must ever be ally'd,
As of one Mass alike in Birth and Death;
Still, in their Worth, Men differ much from Men.
So of one Matter Stones are all compos'd,
Yet on the Gravel with Contempt we tread;
While Diamonds glitter on the Brows of Kings.
Be it your Pride still to distinguish Worth,
And mine to aim at Worth, that you may prize.*

Your faithful

FLORIMOND.

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EMILIA.

EMILIA to FLORIMOND.

Good Grace Sir,

I HAVE read your Epistle, which is indeed a very moral and very rational Discourse; only methinks it is a little too solemn, considering the Subject was a Woman's Wit. I grant you that I was a little malicious, and that it is fit you should know something of the Story of *Alonzo*. I would fain put you in good Humour, if I could; and therefore I will first tell you the Tale, and then say a Word or two on the Occasion of it. Last Summer, there was a fine Gentleman from *London* lodg'd in our Neighbourhood; by Degrees he became known to several Families hereabouts, and among the rest a Clergyman of my Acquaintance. The Doctor's eldest Daughter was a Wit, she had read whole Shelves full of Romances, spelt better than most of her Sex, and ventur'd now and then to make Verses; our *Londoner*, whose Taste turn'd the same way, was mightily smitten with her. To cut my Story short, an Amour was commenced, Billets passed between them, which were signed by him *Alonzo*, and by her *Elvira*; one of them fell into the Father's Hands, who shewed it to my Mother, and as Women are communicative, myself and that humane Lady, as you call her, got a Sight of it, its ending I shall never forget; thus it ran. *Our Fondness, sweet One, shall at length become Love's Standard; so that all future Folks shall say, when they would paint a Passion pure and bright, They're faithful as Alonzo and Elvira.*

The Doctor, who, it seems, did not understand this Sort of Preaching, sent his Daughter into *Oxfordshire*, upon which *Alonzo* fell so ill, that his
Rela-

Relations thought proper to send for him up to *London*; but my Brother who is come from thence last Week informs me, that by the Help of the Town Air, and the Town Diversions, he recovered so effectually in six Weeks, that he compleated a Match his Mother had made for him with a rich *Haberdasher's* Daughter, he had never seen till he came to Town, and this without the least Enquiry after *Elvira*, or his Mother's Handmaid *Susannab*, with whom he would certainly have contracted Matrimony, if he had not been happily banished into our Part of *Suffolk*. This, *Florimond*, is the Story of *Alonzo*, in which I believe you will see nothing shining or uncommon; nothing of the Wonderful that *Eliza* tells me was in the Story of the *North British* Lady, who died so strangely on her Wedding Night; which with a sober Face, and a Train of curious Circumstances, you were pleased to tell at our Tea-Table, the Day I went with my Aunt to *Cambridge*. Indeed, Sir, it had a mighty happy Effect, the whole Family was full of it when I came home, and old Nurse began to tell it with Tears, when she went to conduct us to Bed; what View you had in frightening so many innocent Females I know not, but supposing myself some way concerned, I confess my Intentions to mortify you t'other Night. I would not hear your Story from Nurse or *Harriot*, to write it as you dread the Frown of

Your Tyrant,

EMILIA.

P. S. *How well your Lines describe a Woman's Life,
Unwed a Gem, a Pebble when a Wife!*

FLORIMOND to EMILIA.

Fair One,

I N Love and in Loyalty, Obedience is always the best Expression of Duty; I shall therefore send you the Story you please to treat me so severely upon, and, in spite of all your Railery, am very well pleased you would not receive it from another Hand. Your hopeful Cousin, who is always doing me one good Turn or another, introduced a Discourse of the unlucky Consequence which sometimes attended Breaches of Faith in Love; I am now persuaded she did it maliciously, but at that Time, looked upon it as an innocent and casual Topic, on which it is very possible I might talk with more than usual Warmth.

*Words of themselves with easy Current flow,
When we discourse of Things that well we know;
Cut when the Heart impels, 'tis then they run,
Like Torrents over Mountains rolling down,
Where much of Haste and little Judgment's shewn.*

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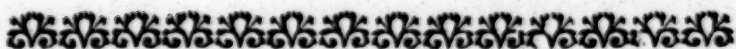
After this short Excuse, perhaps you will think my Tale not so absurd; and as to its being incredible, all I can say of it is, that I had it from the Mouth of a Gentleman of great Worth and Honour, who would not have uttered a Falshood knowingly, as he must have done if this had been so. A Lady in Scotland, of a great Family, had with the Consent of her Relations promised Marriage to a Gentleman of equal Birth, and afterwards, for Reasons best known to herself, broke her Promise, which I conceive was not much for her Reputation, and thereby broke

broke his Heart; such is the Force of manly Passions! Some Years afterwards, the Lady made a second Promise, which, to shew she would not be true even to Inconstancy, she kept; the Wedding was celebrated at her Father's House, who entertained his own and the Bridegroom's Relations, in a Dining Room under the Nuptial Bed Chamber; when Night was come, and the married Pair were put to Bed, the Company returned to this Dining Room, disposed to continue their Mirth for some Hours; long they had not been there, before a great Noise was heard above; for some Time the Lady's Father would not suffer any Body to go up, but it increasing, himself and another Gentleman went to the Chamber Door, and receiving no Answer on repeated Calls to the Bridegroom, they broke open the Door; then it was they discovered the most dismal Spectacle that can be imagined, the young Gentleman in strong Convulsions on the Floor, the Lady setting up in her Bed with her Head leaning on her Arm, but without Life, and almost without Heat. This, Madam, is the Story as I heard it without Exaggeration, and leave you to judge how applicable it was to the Subject talked of, and what Right I had to bring it in. You will forgive me, Madam, if, after so melancholy a Relation, I conclude this Letter somewhat more gravely than usual. Marriage is a very serious Thing, and I never knew any Body trifle with it, without finding Cause to repent such a Conduct: This is the true Reason why I cannot be so gay as perhaps some other of your Admirers; but this I hope will not draw my Sincerity, or my good Nature into Question; the former is seldom pointed out by laughing, and the latter, when attended with Levity, is not so much a good Quality as a Weakness. This I know

know, that in all Tempers I am, and always shall be,

Your devoted Servant,

FLORIMOND.



Two LETTERS; the first from a dying Wife to a wicked, dissolute, and barbarous Husband; the other from a young unmarried Lady, in her last Moments, to her Lover.

My Dear,

AS I employed every Moment of my Life to please you, I am still willing to employ my last in what I am assured will give you a sensible Pleasure; that is, to tell you that I have not many more to live. Even while I write, I expect Death would render my Letter imperfect; but if he suffers me to write three Lines more, I'll meet him with Courage and Resignation — You will now expect Reproaches from me, and justly you may expect them; but I have too much Generosity, too much Love, and too much Religion to make you such a Return. No, my Dear, I forgive you from my Soul; and only desire, that as you never paid any Regard to my former Wishes, yet you would to my last. I conjure you then for your own Welfare, to abandon what will prove your Ruin: Seek a virtuous Wife, and make up in her the Loss of your

LAVINIA.

SIR,

SIR,

IN Answer to your kind Enquiry, I think myself obliged to tell you, that I this Morning sent for my Physician and Apothecary, who, at my earnest Request, have been so sincere as to tell me, that their Skill and Medicines can be of no farther Service to me: I have often experienced their Judgment, and my present Weakness confirms their Opinion; and I am satisfied my Life is almost at an End. I may now, in Justice to your Merits (tho' perhaps not necessary to tell you) confess how much I have esteemed your Person, and revered your Virtues; and believe, the Regard you have professed for my Person was sincere; since neither my Fortune, nor future Expectations, were equal to yours. 'Tis for this Reason, Sir, I return you my Thanks and your Letters, and assure you, that none but my own Eyes have ever seen them; and that, if I am not deprived of my Reason, the Secret shall die with me. I have been so long inur'd to the Thoughts of dying, that they are grown familiar to me, and have prevented my laying any impracticable Schemes in this Life. And have likewise given me Time to reflect, and repent of many Crimes, many Follies, and many Inadvertencies which in my perfect Health appeared very inconsiderable. I have took my Leave of all Friends, except one faithful Attendant, who has promised not to leave me, till my Eyes are closed for ever. May you live, Sir, long and happy, and in your last Moments enjoy a firm and well-grounded Hope of future Happiness, with as much Serenity of Mind, as that which is the present Condition of

Your sincere and faithful Friend,

SABINTA.

A

*A LETTER from an Attorney on the Circuit,
to his Mistress in Town.*

My dear Charmer,

THE Circuit is now at an End, and the Judges and Lawyers on their Return home; but no Felon sentenced at the Assizes to Transportation, could have been in a more wretched Plight than your humble Servant; for I can safely make Affidavit, that each Day I behold not your lovely Face, is to me a *Dies non*. Cupid the Tiptiff has serv'd me with an Attachment from your bright Eyes, more dreadful than a Green wax Process; he has taken my Heart into Custody, and will not accept of Bail; unless you allow of my Plea, I must be non-suited in a Cause I have set my Heart on. Why will you, while I pine in Hopes of a speedy Rejoinder, hang me up Term after Term, by frivolous Delays, which tend only to gain Time?

I find my Bill of last *Michaelmas* Term on the Morrow of *All-Souls*, in Hopes e'er this to have joined Issue with you; it is now fifteen Days from *Easter-day*, and by your demurring I am as far from bringing my Cause to a Hearing, as before I commenced my Suit; you still delay putting in your Answer, which is absolutely against the Practice of all Courts: I would willingly quit the fattest Client there, to attend your Business, would you but submit to a Reference; and should prefer an Attendance at your Chambers to those of a Master in Chancery.

I stand in great Need of an able Council to move my Suit while I am absent. That fly Slut *Dolly*, your Chamber-maid, has taken my Fee, yet I fear betrays my Cause; she is ever preferring some Cross-bill which protracts Matters, and yet I do not sue in

Forma

Forma pauperis, being ready and willing to feoff you Jointure; and to this I will bind myself, my Heirs, Executors, Administrators and Assigns, by a Deed in which you shall nominate Trustees.

To save Expence, my Clerk shall engross it, and it shall be perused by your own Lawyer it being left as a Quere, how vastly preferable the Title of a *Feme covert*, is to that of a Spinster; but you will answer short to all my interlocutory Interrogatories: If I could but once obtain a leading Order to try my Title, by even a Jury of your own Friends, I am certain I should obtain a Verdict in my Favour, and recover Costs against you; for I have a good Action for Attendance, and Loss of Time, tho' upon the *Postea*, I do not think I could find in my Heart to issue a *Ca. Sa.* against you, or put you into any Court but that of *Hymen*.

You have Equity in your own Breast, and from thence I hope for Relief. Decree but for me, and the Day of Essoign shall be that of your own Nuptials, and the Eve of the lasting Felicity of, Dear Creature,

Your humble Suppliant,

And faithful Orator, &c.

From

FROM A LOOKING-GLASS.

*To the beautiful ANGELICA.**Madam,*

I Have enjoyed the Honour of serving your *Ladyship* some Years, during which Time you have been pleased to favour me with evident Marks of your Esteem, and a *Familiarity* that none of your other *Utenfils* can boast of, though many of them my *Betters* by far; as therefore I have *shewn* you to yourself so often, and been so happy always to have my Fidelity approved of by your *Ladyship*, I hope you will pardon my *Boldness*, in taking this Method to discover to you some *Failings* in yourself, which my Surface cannot properly represent. If I may presume to say so, *Madam*, you consult me much *too often*, and I am confident, it would be better for you, if you was to be a greater Stranger to me: How many thousand Times must you be told, that you are *handsome*?—I assure you of it every Day, but you will not be satisfied, unless I tell you so every *Hour*, nay, almost every *Moment*,—I cannot lie; your Person is exceeding amiable; but I must at the same Time, inform your *Ladyship*, with my usual *Sincerity*, that you would be infinitely more *agreeable*, if you did not think it so. Consider, *Madam*, I beseech you, that if you come to me ten thousand Times a Day, I cannot make you a bit the *better* or the *handsomer*: But shall certainly destroy one of the *finest Ornaments of Beauty*, by rendering you too well acquainted with your own Perfections. Whenever you stand before me, with all your *Charms* set forth to the best *Advantage*, I perceive you are apt to *view yourself* with too great
Plea-

Pleasures, and grow proud and conceited of your own *Beauty*; which, in Time, will make other People *despise* and *ridicule* you; and therefore I honestly and ingenuously intreat you to *avoid* my *Company*; for, *Madam*, I must confess, that the worst Enemy the *fair Ones* have, can't do them so much *Prejudice* as I their chief *Favourite*. It grieves me to the Heart to find it so, and often puzzles me extremely to account for their *Fondness of me*, when I so continually do them *Mischief*:—Whether it be, as a *witty Gentleman* once said of *me*, from my Talent of casting *Reflections*; — or whether it be from the large Quantity of *Quicksilver* which belongs to *me*, and without which I am useless as well as innocent; for as the *Learned* observe, *Madam*, *Mercury* is highly prejudicial to your *Sex*, either when there is too much of it in the *Composition* of a *fair Lady*, or when it is used externally as an *Help to Beauty*: As, in the former Case, it is generally the *Cause of excessive Levity*, so, in the latter it is always observed to *hurt the Eyes*, and deface those *Charms* which it is designed to *assist and improve*:—Or whether my *gayly-gilded Frame* is too apt to infect the Mind of the *Beholder* with *Vanity*:—Or, lastly, whether it be from the *Brittleness* of my other *Materials*, which by a kind of *Sympathy*, affects People who are too frequently conversant with *me*—From whatever Cause it proceeds, a Lady who has a fine Face, might almost as well fall into the *Small Pox*, as be too often in my *Company*. How many charming *Creatures* have I spoiled, and made *Beauty* the greatest *Misfortune* that could befall them:—I can't think on't without Concern; why am I fated to be thus *unlucky*, and injure those the most that love me best! —Alas!—Why was I made a *Looking-glass*?—Was it my Desire to be cover'd with *Silver*, and inclosed in a Frame of *Gold*? Did I aspire to be fixed in this *honourable Place*, and become a *Lady's*

Favourite?—Oh! that I had been some meaner *Piece of Furniture!* less respected, and less mischievous! Keep off, dear *Madam*, I beseech you, from an unhappy *Thing*, which *Destiny* makes pernicious to the loveliest Creature under Heaven: Or I shall soon infect you with the worst *Disease* incident to *Beauty*, and that is, *Vanity*;—I am, 'tis true, a *useful Servant*, if employed only when I ought to be, which is *seldom*; but if a Lady grows so *fond of me*, that she runs to ask my *Opinion* of every *Look*; if she consult *me* forty Times for once that she goes to her *Prayer-Book* or *Bible*, I shall certainly prove much more hurtful to her than *Age* or *Ugliness*. I beg, *Madam*, that you'll interpret what your poor *Servant* says, to proceed wholly from Respect and Love for you:—The tender Regard I have for your *Ladyship*, together with some Symptoms I lately have discovered, make me *fearful* for you.—I dread the Apprehension of bringing *Contempt* on so good a *Mistress*, and would not for the World be the Occasion of your losing any one Grace of a *fine Woman*;—no! rather let me broken into a thousand Pieces! I am not without Fear of giving *Offence* by the *Freedom* I have taken; but though you banish me your Presence, I cannot forbear speaking, in a Case where your *Ladyship's* Good seems so much concerned; and indeed, if what I dread should come to pass, it would be better for us both to part for ever:—*Better* for you to be without my Service, than suffer by it; and better for *me* to lose my *Lady*, and be thrown into a Corner, than remain where I am, and be accessary and instrumental in spoiling as much *Sweetness* and *Beauty* as ever *Looking-Glass* had the happiness to shew. I am, *Madam*,

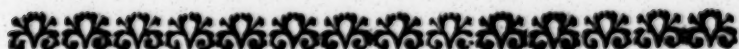
With the most dutiful Respect,

Your most faithful and

devoted humble Servant,

THE PARLOUR LOOKING-GLASS.

From



From an AUNT to her NIECE.

*Occasioned by a Duel between two Friends on
her Account.*

NIECE,

IT was with Horror that I received the publick Notice of a late dreadful Event; but what Words can express my Sensations, when your Uncle, this Morning, informed me that you were the Occasion of it? To see you after such an Incident is impossible: I think nature at my weak Period, could not support me under it: To write to you I had once thought unnecessary, and to no Purpose; but when I recollect the real Terrors of your Situation, the imperfect, and unequal Sense you may too probably have of it, and the Importance and Necessity of your Eyes being thoroughly opened to it, I cannot think I do my Duty to God and you, if I omit any little Assistance in my Power towards it. Good Heavens! Is this the Heart that I have laboured, from it's Infancy, to train in the Paths of Virtue, of Candour, and of ingenious Honesty! Are these the Fruits of eighteen Years Endeavours to form one Woman such as her Nature had design'd her! But I submit: Our Actions are in our Power, but not the Events of them. Impossible as it was for me to foresee a Catastrophe of such Horror as this, I have often warned you against that

mischievous Weakness, that Vanity which has occasioned it. Happier, innocenter Women may be told how disingenuous it is to suffer Hopes in two Persons, which can only be accomplished to one of them; or how superior the real Honour that attends on a candid Declaration of their Thoughts to one Man, is to the imaginary Glory of being followed by twenty; you must for ever serve as a dreadful Example, that what they flatter themselves is at the worst chargeable with no higher a Censure than that of Levity and Impertinence, is Murder. If the Laws of God declare, that *he who but hates his Brother without Cause, is a Murderer*; if the Laws of our Land, when obeyed to the Letter, *admit no Accessaries in this Crime*, but understand and punish all who but look on without preventing the fatal Stroke, as Murderers, in what Light must Conscience, that most equitable, that impartial Enquirer into our Actions, represent you to yourself, who have acted as if you hated to Death the Man whom you professed to love, whom not to have loved would have been criminal in you; and who have, instead of looking on to see the Blow, furnished the Sword that gave it! You are indeed, in the Loss of a Man you doated on, a Man, who would have been the Author of a Life of Happiness to you, justly punished for the tormenting him with a Rival; and that Rival with Expectations which you know would never be made good to him: But you are a single Figure only in the Groupe of Mourners, whom this Accident has connected in the same Scene of Misery. Had not the unhappy Victim to your Folly a Right to many Years of Happiness? And what Title had you, to whom he offered an equal Share of the Enjoyment of them, to rob him of the Whole? It is worthy his generous, his unhappy Uncle (I know what such a Relation must feel by what myself suffer while I am writing this) had not he a Right, while
Nature

Nature suffered it, to enjoy the Blessings which he had in a great Measure been the Source of, to this Object of his paternal Care and Affection? And of whom is he to complain but of you, that he is robbed of so justifiable, so worthy Expectations? These are of the Number of the Wretches you have made; but these perhaps the least so. To be dead, is Happiness to the State of that trembling Wanderer, who would at this Instant give up you, ten thousand worthier than you, to be restored to that Peace, that irrecoverable Tranquillity, he before enjoyed from the only true Source of it, from Innocence; who now must dread the Officers of Justice every Hour of the Day; must see them every Moment of the Night: and must almost wish to be plunged into the Certainty of his Fate, to avoid the Terror of it. Cast your Eyes to the Bed of Sickness, pressed by the languid Parent of this Wretch; labouring against the united Efforts of Illness and Infirmities to live, ignorant that he has a Scene to be informed of, which even his best Friends, while they conceal it from him, think it would be Happiness for him to die, instead of hearing! The Friends of the unhappy Dead look up to Heaven for Justice, and seek after the Fugitive for Vengeance! Friends, Foes, nay, Heaven itself, must look on you as the sole Cause of all this Wretchedness which so many, besides him, who has, by his own Rashness, incurred it, are doomed to by this fatal Incident. Consider it, you Child! In all it's Circumstances: See it, my unhappy Niece! In these it's blackest Colours! Flatter not yourself, that your not foreseeing this Event of your Behaviour, can wipe off your Portion in the Crime that has attended it! Tho' human Justice, unequal in its Distributions of Punishments, as well as of Rewards, has no Demand on you: Suppose not the Cause can be overlooked at the Tribunal of Heaven, while the Effects
are

are punished! What's over is not to be recalled: But happy are you; who have the Means of Forgiveness left to you; you have a Life for Contrition; who have Assurance of a Pardon, in Consequence of Repentance; but who can never repent, unless you see your Fault in its true Colours. Call me cruel if you please, in this let the World call me so, let them tell me I am rigid to the Unhappy, let them say I added Affliction to the Afflicted; I know the Integrity of my own Heart, I am convinced of the Uprightness of my Intentions, I love you more than they can who shall tell you so; and, if I am severe, be most assured it is but in Kindness to you, I but enlarge the Wound, which no other Means can heal; and which, if you neglect the Danger which its false Appearance might disguise to you, would be fatal to you to all Eternity! I expect no Reply; I desire no Protestations of your Innocence, or Account of your Intentions: Your future Life is the only rational Answer to this Letter, Heaven grant I may be informed by that, of the Service these Admonitions have done you, and I regard not how you receive them now.

*I am, &c. ****

* This Letter is no ways relating to the unhappy Affair between Mr. Paul and Mr. Dalton. The Editor having placed in it this Collection with no other View, than to lay before his fair Readers the fatal Effects of receiving the Addresses of two Gentlemen at once, let their Intentions be ever so Innocent, which is exemplified in the following Story. The unfortunate *Fidelia*, the best, the softest, and the fairest of her Sex, is even now on the Brink of Distraction. Her Perplexity is beyond all Example, and indeed the Occasion of it very extraordinary. It is now three Years and upwards since two young Gentlemen

Gentlemen of Birth and Fortune, who had lived together in the strictest Friendship, became Rivals on her Account, both so equally merited her Esteem, that for some Time she knew not on which to bestow her Love; the one was of an open Behaviour, warm in his Pretensions, but not over constant in his Application; the other close, assiduous and importunate; however it happened, she was at last determined in Favour of the latter; and with a Heart never before engaged in an Affair of this Kind, gave at once into all the Softnesses and Endearments of it. *Polydore* (if I may so call the neglected Lover) now found himself but coldly received: Yet with an unexpected Evenness of Temper, continued still to visit her, upon the foot of a Friend, a Platonick, or what else she would please to call him. In the mean Time, the Father of *Castalio*, his Rival, had some Intimation given him of his Intrigue, and that he intended to marry *Fidelia*, whose Fortune, tho' better than Six Thousand Pounds, was by no means answerable to what he proposed for his Son. Without taking any farther Notice, he sent for him, and having a considerable Estate at *Fort St. George* in the *East Indies*, made the Care of that a Pretence for dispatching him thither. In short, *Fidelia* and he were forced to part, with a Flood of Tears, and the usual Vows to each other; two Years almost past before any thing was heard of him, then came the News of his Death, confirmed by so many Hands, and such particular Circumstances, that there was no Room to doubt of the Truth of it. *Polydore* all this while had gone on in the same Road of an innocent Acquaintance with her; and as she ever preserved a good Respect for him, now under her Affliction she found the Use of his Friendship. Who could so properly condole with her the Loss of *Castalio*, as the Man who had loved him beyond his own Quiet and Happiness? To whom could she so freely communicate her Grief,

as to one who knew her Weakness, and had long since forgiven her the cruellest Effects of it? Thus, by mingling their Sorrows, they fell insensibly into a Tenderness for each other. His Flame revived with greater Violence than ever, and she on a sudden wonder'd at the Progress she had made, before she well knew where she was. Considering herself as a kind of a Widow, she resolved to continue such till a Twelvemonth was expired. She did so, and having appointed her Wedding-Day, just as she was going out, she was met by *Castalio*, at the Door; in the midst of Joy and Confusion, she flew to him, and fainted in his Arms, what Measures can be taken in this Affair? *Polydore* like a Madman walks the Streets with his Sword drawn, and in Case he is disappointed, threatens Destruction to all about him. *Castalio* bewails *Fidelia* and himself, commiserates his Friend, and upbraids his Father that had intercepted his Letters, and purchased of several *Irishmen* the Report of his Death.



An odd Reason for Love.

MADAM,

THERE may have been other Men, perhaps besides myself, who have fallen in Love with a Woman they did not know; but for a Man to do it for no other Reason than her declaring against him, is, I believe, an Honour that has been reserved for your humble Servant. They tell me, Madam, you are so far from liking me yourself, that you will not believe any Body else can: That you find nothing agreeable in my Person, from the Crown of my Head to the Sole of my Foot: That
for

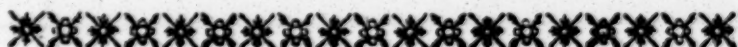
for my Wit, (for every body, Madam, carries something about them which they call Wit) it is all Affectation: That I am an Abstract of Vanity: That I am so much in Love with myself, that it is impossible for me to be so with any body else. These Things, Madam, that might have put some People into Anger, have put me into Love: For as those who are naturally peevish, will be angry at People, let them endeavour never so much to please them, so we who are naturally amorous, cannot avoid being in Love with a Lady, let her take never so much Pains to anger us. And, indeed, Madam, did People ground their Passions upon Reason, you have given me one of the most reasonable Causes to love you in the World: For as there is no Man of Wit but knows himself to be a Fool, so he ought to have an Opinion of their Judgments, who find it out as well as himself. It is reported as an Instance of the Bravery of the *Amazons*, that they would never marry a Man till they had fought with him first, and if he beat 'em very much, he might expect to be loved very much by them. Now I, Madam, who profess as great a Veneration for Wit, as the *Amazons* had for Courage, cannot have so good a Reason for Love, as your having exercised you Wit upon me: Tho' it is possible you may attribute my Passion to another Cause, and as you think I love nothing beside myself, may have some Kindness for you, because you are never like to be my Rival; however, assure yourself, Madam, it is no such thing, but knowing the Worst you can say of me to be true, and having a natural Affection for Truth, Wit, and Women, (you will think a Man a very general Lover, that can love Truth, Wit, and Women at the same Time) I must needs be infinitely in Love with you, in whom I find 'em altogether. Be not however deluded into a better Opinion of me, by what any
body

body can say; for as it is only your hating me that makes me love you, as soon as that ceases, I am afraid my Love will do so too. As you therefore value my Kindness, take heed of having any for me; and satisfy yourself, that as long as you continue to think me a silly, idle, conceited Fop, I shall continue to be, with all the Passion imaginable,

MADAM,

Yours, &c.

D. R.



To a Masqu'd Lady.

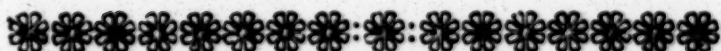
Madam,

TH O' I doubt not, Madam, but you have made the most considerable Conquests under the Sun, yet give me Leave to say, You never made any so extraordinary as this before: You have subdued, without the Conqueror's common Vanity, of making yourself known, and have gain'd the most absolute Victory in the World, without so much as unsheathing your Face. I, who never knew a Woman could overcome me, am now overcome by I know not who: And can both boast of the greatest Passion, and greatest Faith in Nature together: The seeing you, which is the Reason of other People's Love, might, for ought I know, destroy mine; for I have rais'd Ideas of you, to which it is very difficult for any thing in Nature to arrive. I imagine you the most charming Creature in the Universe,
and

and at the same Time fancy you to be somewhat more than I imagine. I have dressed you up in all the most different Shapes of Nature. In whatever you appear, it has always been the most amiable: And after having supposed you Maid, Wife, and Widow by Turns, I find I can love you infinitely, be you any one of them. Did I know in which State you were, I would certainly make Love to all of it, till I arrived at you; and for Want of that, I am forced to confine myself to Womankind. I leave it to your own Conscience, Madam, whether you can leave the most constant Lover in Nature in this Condition; tho', if it feel no Remorse for the last Disappointment, I shall very hardly ever trust it more. Yet however extravagant my Passion is, do not apprehend that I should make any malicious Reflections on you to the World; let my other Virtues be what they will, my Fidelity is unquestionable: And assure yourself, there is no Man breathing less apt to tell a Secret that he does not know, than,

MADAM,

Yours, &c.



Wit against Wit.

SIR,

FOR Friend I can hardly call you, since under that Disguise, you have done me one of the greatest Injuries in the World; and it is in vain for me to guard my Territories against the malicious Designs of Enemies and Rivals; when you, whom I never took for either, have more prejudiced me in an Amour, than they could with all their Forces together. But that I may not condemn you
without

without a Cause, nor conclude you guilty till I hear what you can say in your own Justification, I will give you a plain Account of the Business. Meeting one of the Ladies last Night, with whom I am in Love; she began a Discourse of Lovers, wherein she shewed the many Inconveniencies that attended the having a Man of Wit in that Capacity. I, who do not naturally love to dispute with a fair Lady (especially in a Cause where I thought myself no more concern'd than if she had talk'd of *Jews* or *Mahometans*) agreed with her in all she said; when she turned briskly upon me, and told me for that Reason a Woman must have a Care of having any Thing to do with me. I told her that was acting after the Manner of some late Judges; call a Thing Treason without Law, and then hang a Man for it without Proof: That I appealed to all the World for my Innocence in the Matter, and defied my greatest Enemies to bring any Evidence of my Guilt. She told me she had it from such a one, who had it from another; and that, in fine, the original Author of this Calumny was yourself. Now tho' I grant you that some People might have laid such a Thing as this to your Charge out of Inadvertency; yet I can hardly believe a Man of your Prudence to have done it upon that Account. You who very well know, that to commend a Man for a Wit to the Women, is like commending him for a good Protestant to the Fathers of the Inquisition; and he that reported me an Eunuch among them, could not do it upon a more malicious Account. They love a tame, easy, governable Fool, and fancy all Wits ill natured and proud: Have not you often told me so? And after that to put me upon them for one! Well, Sir, I am a Gentleman; nor shall I pass by such a Thing as this without Satisfaction. I expect therefore you should either give it me under your Hand, that you never said any Thing of me, or if
you

you really said it, that you should go immediately to the Person to whom you did it, and assure them you were misinformed in the Thing, and that to your Knowledge *Ireland* itself never bred a more tame easy Fool than I am ; for here lies the greatest Danger, I have a Rival of that Country, and you know how difficult it is to succeed in a Contest with one of them, when Want of Wit to give is the Preference. After all, methinks, if you would be hearty in the Thing, you may bring me out of these Difficulties ; I know you have Wit enough to convince them that I have none ; and if the worst, it is but carrying you to them to shew the Difference. In that Hopes, I resume the Title of,

Yours, &c.

W. W.



To a Lady in the Country, who was going to be married.

Madam,

AFTER having written you a Letter upon your first going down, I have never dar'd to venture one since, lest I should be mistaken in my Address ; and, for ought I know, to write to you now by the Title of Mrs —, may be as uncivil as to treat the King with the Title of Prince of *Orange*. However, Madam, blame not me for it, since we are in perfect Ignorance of the Matter. We had very positive News one while of your being married ; and as positive after, that it was not yet done ; which some here took, I can assure you, for a great Act of Mercy. Half a Dozen Sparks of

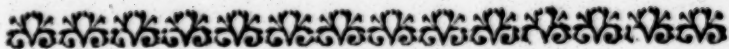
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your

your Acquaintance have provided themselves either with Love songs, or Epithalamiums, to send you as Occasion shall require, without being yet able to know which would be more proper: And here are Half a Dozen more who have had Halters about their Necks ever since the Report of your going to be married, for they are resolved to be ready upon the first Notice, that the same Post which brings the News of your Wedding, may carry back that of their Deaths. 'Tis true, Madam, I took the Boldness to advise 'em not to be over hasty in the Affair, since they might do it afterwards at their own Convenience; and Experiments of this Nature were difficult enough to correct, when they were once ill done. But all I could say was in vain; they are positive in the Matter, and Half a Dozen of the handsomest Trees in the Park, are mark'd out for the Execution. I must confess, I endeavoured to divert 'em as much as I could from choosing that Place, for the Benefit of the Company that walks there; I told 'em it was contrary to all Precedent to make use of Elms or Lime-trees, since the Willow had, Time out of Mind, been reserved for that Use; and that a Lover who did not hang himself according to Form, had as good never hang himself at all. They answered me very surlily (tho' very truly too I must own) that it was not my Business: That it was a very hard Case People might not hang themselves without asking my Leave; and as they would not hinder me whenever I was going about such a Thing, so they took it very ill that I should pretend to hinder them. I must confess, Madam, I could say very little in the Case; and you may believe I had no great Mind to enter upon a Quarrel with People in their Circumstances; but I thought the acquainting you with it, was a Duty that became,

Yours, &c.

W. W.



PULAGH to his Daughter SHUAL, Anno
Mundi, 1500.

THOU best beloved of all my Daughters !
Observe the *Precepts* of thy Father : Learn
Wisdom from his *Experience*. Though, like the
Cedars planted at my *Nativity*, thou art now in
the full *Bloom* of *Youth* and *Beauty*, and hast seen but
one hundred and fifty Years ; yet, betimes consider,
that *thou wert born to die*, and must like *them*, decay
and perish, and return to *Dust*. — How *short* is
Life ! — What are *seven or eight hundred Years*,
which *few* exceed, if no *Accident* cut them off be-
fore ! And to what numerous *Accidents* is *Life* ex-
posed ! Thy *Mother* died in bearing *thee*, just in her
Prime and *Vigour*, when she had scarce reach'd *four*
hundred Years ; of *one hundred and sixty Children* which
she left me, but *ninety* now remain ; the *rest* are *all*
as if they had never been. Remember this ; and in
Youth be mindful of thy *Duty* to that *invisible* and
uncreated Being, who, after this *transitory Existence*,
can make thee *live for evermore*. — Let not the *Flat-*
teries of *Men* swell thee up with *Vanity* and *Pride*, nor
believe them when they call thy *Charms immortal*.
They tell *thee* what is not ; a little while, assuredly,
will prove them *Liars* ; for nothing more certainly
takes its *Flight* than *Beauty*. Many whom now thou
seest *decayed* and *withered*, not above *two or three*
hundred Years ago, were as *thou art now*, admired and
courted. Learn then, from *them*, what *thou shalt be* ;
and since *Beauty* will not continue, improve thy *Mind*
with *Piety* and *Virtue* : Thus shalt thou be always
lovely. — My Days past are *eight hundred and twenty*
Years,

Years, and soon I must lie down in *Darkness* with my Fathers ENOTH, SETHOS and ADDAMAN, the unbegotten and first of Men. The *Earth* arose from *Cboas* but *fifteen hundred Years* ago, and yet all these are dead: I too must follow, and you must do the same. Every Thing I see informs me of *Mortality*; *Trees* planted at my *Birth* are long ago converted into *Dust*: *Marble* hewn from the *hard Rocks*, and *Metals* taken from the *Mine*, in my *Remembrance*, are worn out and mouldered quite away: *Houses* have been thrice rebuilt since I laid their first *Foundations*: *Mountains* are sunk into *Vallies*, and *Rivers* have changed their *Course* within my *Memory*. Nothing can endure for ever, but he who had no *Being*. *Mankind* must be cast again in the *Womb* of *Nature*, as well as *Stones* and *Metals*, — at present thou art young and beautiful; but *Age* and *Death* must come. Of this be always mindful, and puff not up thyself with *Pride*, nor waste thy *Days* in *Foolishness*; for *Time* can never be recalled; once gone 'tis gone for evermore.

PULACH.

I doubt not my gentle *Readers* will believe it exceeding strange, that People who lived almost a *thousand Years*, should make *ads* about the *Use* of *Time*, and talk of *dying*; whereas our *Beaux* and *Modern Ladies* (though *Life* is shortened to one tenth Part) find more of it on their *Hands* than they well know what to do with, and squander it away as if they were to live for ever.

FABLES,



FABLES, TALES, &c.

The Old Man, his Son, and his Afs.

ONCE on a Time, an honest CLOWN,
 Attended by his only SON,
 Along the Road together pass,
 As they to Market drove their Afs.
 A Plowman working by,—to jeer
 The Couple—thus began;—I swear,
 Here's Schoolmasters! how great they walk?
 Their Scholar see before them stalk!
 Folks of less Wit than they possess,
 Would certainly have rid their Beast.
 Piqu'd at the sneering Plowman's Whim,
 The *Old Man* takes his SON, so slim;
 And set him up—A Moment after
 A Passenger remark'd, with Laughter,
 That 'twas a Thing good Sense beside,
 For Men to walk, and Boys to ride.
 So far this Stranger push'd his Jest,
 The Boy was bid to quit the Beast;
 Up then the jolly *Peasant* got,
 And to the neighb'ring Town they trot.

'Twas Holiday, and People store,
 Were in the Streets, and at each Door;
 And as the Couple pass'd—they said,
 That swinging Booby must be mad,
 To ride himself,—and let his Child,
 With such a dirty Road be toil'd.
 To ease his Son, the Man inclin'd,
 Bid him,—on this,—get up behind.
 Strait from the Boy the People pass
 To pitying next, the bending *Ass*;
 See! see! the Creature pants for Breath!
 These Brutes,—cry they,—will be its Death.
 The Bumpkin's now at his Wit's End,
 Himself and 's Son at once descend;
 Flat on his Back they lay their Foal,
 Tie his four Feet,—and then a Poll,
 Pass through,—next on their Shoulders take,
 The Load,—and thus their Journey make.
 At this the Boors,—a noisy Rout,
 Follow in Crouds,—and laugh and shout.
 Th' Old-one swell'd,—and as they pass
 A Bridge, he o'er it threw his *Ass*;
 Choosing to lose the unlucky Beast,
 Rather than be a Village Jest.

“ He who for *gen'ral* Praise shall sue,
 “ Deceives *himself*, and pleases *few*.

The GARDENER and the SNAIL.

A Gard'ner once, at early Day,
 Walk'd forth his Fruit-trees to survey;
 But long he had not look'd around,
 E'er on a Peach a Snail he found;
 The Snail he clasps, with Anger fill'd,
 But thus bespeaks him e'er he kill'd;

! Thou

• Thou crawling Insect vile, and low,
• For you did these fine Peaches grow?
• For you did I take so much Care,
• These Trees to guard from blighting Air?
• To dress and prune them take Delight,
• Visit each Morn and every Night.
• And now must all my Pains be foil'd
• My Hopes by such a Reptile spoil'd?
• My favourite Fruit must you devour,
• And blast my Pride in one short Hour?
• Will nothing else please your nice Palate?
• No *common* nor no *coarser* Diet?
• Won't Colewort, and such Fare, suffice,
• Will nought go down but Rarities?
• Die, Caitiff, die, and take thy Due:
• Let other Snails be warn'd by you.
• Like you shall every Robber fall,
• A Victim to the Publick's Call;
• Hard is our Fate, the Snail replies,
• Each Snail without Compassion dies.
• Oh! cruel and unequal Times,
• To punish thus our lesser Crimes!
• When human Ministers of State,
• Tho' oft deserving of our Fate,
• Securely live and dwell at Ease,
• And plunder whensoever they please.
• O'er Gard'ners too, who kill us Snails,
• The Love of Rapine much prevails;
• And were you to strict Justice brought,
• Your Race would shortly come to nought.
More had he said,——when lo!
The Gard'ner crush'd him with his Toe.

The Ass and the HORSE.

AN Ass a WAR-HORSE envied fore,
 For much he eat and little bore;
 While he full oft, by Hunger prest,
 Meer Offals eat, and to digest
 Hard Labour help'd, while in his Mind,
 Much at his Lot the Beast repin'd.
 At length came War,—out goes the Steed
 To fight, alas! and not to feed;
 His Sides full soon confess'd his Trade,
 For Wounds their hostile Weapons made:
 Yet still he serv'd, and still he found,
 In Honour's Cause, like Ills abound,
 The *Ass*, in Safety, seeing this
 Confess'd before she thought amiss,
 Renounc'd her groundless Sentiment,
 And liv'd thereafter quite content.
 “ Who sees the *Plagues* of Wealth and Power,
 “ Rejoices that his Station's lower.

The TROUT. A Fable.

A *Trout*, the plumpest in the Tide,
 Had long the Angler's Skill defy'd;
 With Pleasure nibbled ev'ry Bait,
 And baulk'd his sure expected Fate:
 While Self-conceit inflam'd his Breast,
 He to himself these Lines address'd:
 How wise am I to know my Good,
 What Cowards half the finny Brood!
 I feast on Rarities at will,
 My Sense evades the latent Ill.
 He looks impending in the Brook
 A Gnat wriggled on the Hook;

He

He nibb'd with Caution, as before,
 The Dainty tempted more and more:
 Grown bold, he snapp'd the rich Repast,
 And on the Beard was caught at last.
 Compell'd to quit the liquid Glass,
 He beat, till dead, the bending Grass.

So fares the Maid whom Love inspires
 With tender Thoughts, and soft Desires!
 To whom true Virtue is unknown;
 That Guardian of the Fair alone,
 She may, a-while, fan up the Flame
 And not commit an Act of Shame,
 But soon longs after farther Sweets,
 Pursues her Wish, and Ruin meets;
 Does Wisdom's blissful Precepts shun,
 Nor sees her Folly, till undone.

The MISER.

IN a wild Heath, a Miser laid
 His Wealth, and daily to it pray'd.
 Till by a lucky Neighbour spy'd,
 Who quickly to his Mammon hy'd,
 Remov'd, and left him to deplore
 The Loss of his beloved Ore.
 The hapless *Miser* shew'd his Grief;
 In Sighs and Tears, without Relief;
 At length, a Stranger from him drew
 The Cause of all this sad to-do,
 And offer'd had he so inclin'd,
 This whole some Med'cine for his Mind;
 Bury this Stone, believe it Gold,
 (Since both to you, like Value hold)
 Henceforward, safe in this Belief,
 You need not dread a second Thief.
 " Alike in Fact, a *Miser* wants
 " What Fortune keeps, and what she grants.

The

The SPIDER, and the BEE. A Fable.

THE Nymph, who walks the public Streets,
 And sets her Cap at all she meets,
 May catch the Fool, who turns to stare,
 But Men of Sense avoid the Snare.

As on the Margin of the Flood,
 With silken Line, my *Lydia* stood,
 I smil'd to see the Pains you took,
 To cover o'er the fraudulent Hook.
 Along the Forest as we stray'd,
 You saw the Boy his Lime-twiggs spread;
 Guess'd you the Reason of his Fear,
 Lest, heedless, we approach'd too near?
 For as behind the Bush we lay,
 The Linnet flutter'd on the Spray.

Needs there such Caution to delude
 The scaly Fry, and feather'd Brood?
 And think you with inferior Art,
 To captivate the human Heart?
 The Maid, who modestly conceals
 Her Beauties, while she hides, reveals;
 Give but a Glimpse, and Fancy draws
 Whate'er the Grecian *Venus* was.
 From *Eve's* first Fig leaf to Brocade,
 All Dress was meant for Fancy's Aid,
 Which evermore delighted dwells
 On what the bashful Nymph conceals.

When *Celia* struts in Man's Attire,
 She shews too much to raise Desire
 But from the Hoop's bewitching Round,
 Her very Shoe has Power to Wound.

The roving Eye, the Bosom bare,
 The forward Laugh, the wanton Air
 May catch the Fop; for Gudgeons strike
 At the bare Hook, and Bait, alike,

While

While Salmon play regardless by,
Till Art like Nature forms the Fly.

Beneath a Peasant's homely Thatch,
A Spider long had held her Watch;
From Morn till Night, with restless Care,
She spun her Web, and wove her Snare.
Within the Limits of her Reign,
Lay many a heedless Captive slain,
Or flutt'ring struggled in the Toils,
To burst the Chains, and shun her Wiles.

A straying Bee, that perch'd hard by,
Beheld her with disdainful Eye,
And thus began: Mean Thing give o'er,
And lay thy slender Threads no more;
A thoughtless Fly, or two at most,
Is all the Conquest thou can'st boast,
For Bees of Sense thy Arts evade,
We see so plain the Nets are laid.

The gaudy Tulip, that displays
Her spreading Foliage to the Gaze,
That points her Charms at all she sees,
And yields to ev'ry wanton Breeze,
Attracts not me. Where blushing grows,
Guarded with Thorns, the modest Rose,
Enamour'd, round and round I fly,
Or on her fragrant Bosom lie;
Reluctant, she my Ardour meets,
And bashful, renders up her Sweets.

To wiser Heads Attention lend,
And learn this Lesson from a Friend,
She, who with Modesty retires,
Adds Fewel to her Lover's Fires,
While such uncautious Jilts as you,
By Folly your own Schemes undo.

The WOODMAN and MERCURY.

I N T O a Brook both deep and strong,
 By Chance, his *Ax* a *Wood-man* flung;
 At Loss so great, and past Relief,
 He sat him down, and cry'd for Grief.
Merc'ry him pitying,—from the Flood,
 Confess'd to mortal Eye-sight stood;
 Him first with *Ax* of Gold he try'd,
 Is this the Tool for which you cry'd?
 No,—the *Clown* cries;—again he dives,
 Again he from the Deep arrives;
 A silver *Ax* he shews,—is this
 The Thing, my Friend, you so much miss?
 Alas! 'tis not!—He drops again,
 Demands once more, in the same Strain,
 This Head of Iron and Wooden Shaft;
 Is't yours?—at that the *Wood-man* laugh'd,
 It is,—quoth he,—and deeply I
 Am bound—for this great Courtesy.
 Pleas'd with a Virtue pure and rare,
 The God bestow'd the other Pair.
 Home comes the honest, harmless *Clown*,
 And tells his Tale thro' all the Town,
 A Sharper thought to add by Art,
 To this, forsooth, a second Part:
 Unto the self-same Stream he goes,
 And in his only Hatchet throws;
 Then, on the Bank, he sits him down,
 There sighs, and makes a heavy Moan.
 Soon *Merc'ry* springing from below,
 Th' expected *Ax* of Gold doth show;
 'Tis mine,—'tis mine, the Rascal cries,
 The God beneath the Water flies,
 Leaving the Trickster to complain,
 Of his lost Hopes,—and *Ax*, in Vain.
 “ *Heav'n* hears and grants the pious Pray'r,
 “ But wicked Vows come never there.

Warning

Warning to young married Men. A Tale.

WHILOM in *Kent* there liv'd a jolly Swain,
 Young *Colinet*, the Genius of the Plain;
 Sonnets he wrote, cou'd sing and whistle well,
 Crack witty Jokes, and merry Stories tell;
 At Wakes and Weddings always led the Dance,
 And drew from every Lass the wishful Glance;
 Courteous he was, and skilful to persuade;
 Soon to his Lures he won the Parson's Maid;
 He married, and (O mournful to relate!)
 Grew a mere Tyrant in the nuptial State;
 Assum'd Dominion o'er his tremb'ling Wife,
 And prov'd a very Husband all his Life;
 No more at once he charm'd her list'ning Ear,
 Call'd her no more, *my Honey*, and *my Dear*;
 But daily, from his Work returning Home,
 With dreadful Oaths and Curses shook the Room;
 To ev'ry humble Question he'd reply,
 You faucy B——h, G d d--n you, what care I?
 No Answer wou'd the frowning Churl afford,
 But snapt the Woman short at ev'ry Word;
 When to the Ale-house, from his Pipe and Pot
 She came to fetch the drunken midnight Sot,
Out of the House, he cry'd, *be gone! away!*
 And reeling, stammer'd in her Ears, *obey*;
 Then shook the Crabtree Cudgel in his Hand,
 The well-known Ensign of his stern Command.

Tir'd out at length with this vexatious Course,
 And finding ev'ry Day that it grew worse,
 She vow'd, grown desp'rate, to revenge her Wrong,
 And bear no longer what she bore so long;
 To a brisk neighb'ring Barber she apply'd,
With all my Heart the gallant Barber cry'd:

H

Now

Now whilst abroad the Tyrant Bumpkin roams,
 With silent Haste the watchful Lecher comes;
 Her welcome Guest the injur'd Wife receives,
 And for politer Work her *spining* leaves.
 Up Stairs she leads him, springs into his Arms,
 And fir'd with Transport opens all her Charms:
 Now, *Colley*, triumph now, in Scorn she said,
 Proud of the Honours that adorn thy Head.

Three Times the pleasing Vengeance they repeat,
 And with becoming Horns the *Brute* compleat.

To a young LADY.

IN Vain, my gentle Charmer, you enquire
 How many thousand Kisses I desire;
 Say first, how many Sands the Shores contain,
 And Drop by Drop the boundless Ocean drain;
 Count all the Stars that gild the silent Night,
 And glitter, conscious of each stol'n Delight:
 Count all the Leaves, that on ten Thousand Trees,
 Tremble, obedient to the Morning Breeze:
 Count all the Courtier's Arts, the Tradesman's Lies,
 The Miser's Wishes, and the Lover's Sighs,
 Then I will tell thee, nor till then enquire
 How many thousand Kisses I desire;
 Scarce will Arithmetick the Sum explain,
 Millions on Millions multiply'd in Vain.

To the same.

WHILE Life, my Dear, remains, enjoy
thy Charms,
And deaf to Censure, take me to thy Arms;
The Ev'ning Sun descends into the Main,
And sets, to rise with brighter Beams again;
The Lilly tolds her Beauties up at Night,
And opens fairer to the Morning Light:
But you to charm no more, resign your Breath,
And sleeping, moulder in eternal Death;
For a few Years the vital Oil may burn,
And to your native nothing you return:
Wherefore let's love the fleeting Life away,
And laugh at what ill natur'd Churchmen say;
O let me on thy panting Breast recline,
And press my burning humid Lips to thine;
A thousand Kisses let me first implore,
And after them a thousand thousand more;
A thousand thousand let me still repeat,
Till my Joys grow as numberless as great,
Till envious Tongues in their Account are cross'd,
And Magick in her secret Art is lost.

*On a CAT that was drowned by attempting
to get some golden Fish, that were swim-
ming in a China Vase, by the Author of the
Elegy in the Church-Yard.*

TWAS on a lofty Vase's Side,
Where China's richest Arts had dy'd
The various Flowers that blow;
Demurest of the tabby Kind,
The pensive *Selima* reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the Lake below.

Her conscious Tail her Joy declar'd,
 The fair round Face, the snowy Beard,
 The Velvet of her Paws,
 Her Skin that with the Tortoise vies,
 Her Ears of Jet, her Em'rald Eyes,
 She saw, and purr'd Applause.

Still had she gaz'd, but thro' the Tide
 Two radiant Forms were seen to glide,
 The Genii of the Stream;
 Their scaly Armour, *Tyrian* Hue,
 Thro' richest Purple to the View,
 Betray'd the golden Gleam.

The beauteous Nymph with Wonder saw,
 A Whisker first, and then a Claw,
 With many an ardent Wish,
 She stretch'd in Vain to reach the Prize,
 What female Art can Gold despise,
 What Cat's averse to Fish!

Presumptuous Maid; with Eyes intent
 Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
 Nor knew the Gulph between;
 Malignant Fate sat by and smil'd,
 The slippery Verge her Feet beguil'd,
 She tumbled headlong in.

Eight Times emerging from the Flood,
 She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry God,
 Some speedy Aid to send;
 No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd,
 Nor cruel *Tom*, nor *Susan* heard,
 A Fav'rite has no Friend.

From

From hence ye Fair ones undeceiv'd,
 Learn one false Step is ne'er retriev'd,
 And be with Caution bold,
 Not all that strikes your wand'ring Eyes,
 And eager Hearts, is lawful Prize,
 Nor all that glitters Gold.

RICHARD'S Opinion.

DICK's Wife was sick, and pos'd the Doctor's
 Skill,
 Who differ'd how to Cure th' invet'rate Ill.
 Purging the one prescrib'd: No, quoth the other,
 That will do neither Good nor Harm, my Brother;
 Bleeding's the only Way. 'Twas quick reply'd,
 That's certain Death: But since we differ wide,
 'Tis fit the Husband chuse by whom t'abide. }
 I see no great Skill, quo' Richard, by the Rood;
 But I see think Bleeding's like to do most Good.

On a young LADY.

TH E vainly anxious Myra leaves
 To passive Judges her Complaints;
 Her Cause wou'd awe them, were they Knaves;
 Her Eyes wou'd bribe them, were they Saints.

The BEAU.

AS Ovid sings, a Beau of old admir'd
 A Shade, and for the empty Form expir'd:
 Love's God, relenting of his killing Pow'r,
 Gave him the Life that animates a Flow'r.

Hence

Hence future Beaux, so Love ordain'd, and made
Gay as a Flow'r, but empty as a Shade.

The Case stated.

WHEN *Eve* wou'd try, but to her Cost,
Th' Experiment of Evil,
That she with Gods might Wisdom boast,
And Cunning with the Devil.

Too soon the Knowledge she obtain'd ;
Too late she curs'd the Prize :
Oh ! had she but a Fool remain'd,
We shou'd have all been wise.

Advice to the LADIES.

TRust not too much your now resistless Charms ;
Those Age or Sicknefs soon or late disarms :
Good Humour only teaches Charms to last,
Still makes new Conquests, and maintains the past.

Again.

TH O' Lovers oft extol your Beauty's Power,
And in celestial Similies adore :
Tho' from your Features *Cupid* borrows Arms,
And Goddesses confess inferior Charms ;
Do not, vain Maid, the flatt'ring Tale believe ;
Alike thy Lovers, and thy Glafs deceive.

The HAPPY BEAU: *Or the* LADY'S
FAVOURITE.

HOW happy lives the Man, how sure to charm,
Whose Knot embroider'd flutters down his
Arm!

On him the Ladies cast the yielding Glance,
Sigh in his Song, and languish in his Dance:
While wretched is the Wit, contemn'd, forlorn,
Whose gummy Hat no Scarlet Plumes adorn.
What tho' *Apollo* dictates from his Tongue,
No Lady's Favour on his Sword is hung.
His Wit is spiritless, and void of Grace,
Who wants th' Assurance of Brocade and Lace.
While the gay Fop genteely talks of Weather,
The Fair in Raptures doat upon his Feather.
He dresses, fences:—What avails to know?
For Women chuse their Men, like Silks, for Show.

The Modern BEAU.

TO be a modern Beau, a Beau compleat,
I'll tell sincerely what I think of it;
'Tis to be squeamish, critical and nice,
In all Things fantastic to a Vice;
'Tis to seem knowing, tho' he nothing knows,
And vainly lewd to please his Brother Beaux:
'Tis in his Dress to be profusely Gay,
And to affect, Whore-like, a wanton Way:
'Tis to be charm'd with each new-fashion'd Whim,
And to be modish to a vast Extreme:
'Tis to attack the Ladies with a Grace,
And still transfer his Love to each new Face:
Lo! here's the Picture of a Modern Beau,
By which Description you the Fool may know.

CUPID

CUPID *match'd.*

AS from the Honeycomb one Day
 Young *Cupid* filch'd the Sweets away ;
 Intent on the felonious Wrong,
 A watchful Bee his Fingers stung ;
 Impatient of the Smart and Pain,
 He frets, and puffs, and stamps in vain.
 To *Venus* in a Rage he flies,
 And sniv'ling ; See, Mamma, he cries,
 What Mischief lurks in little Things,
 A scurvy Bee this Torment brings :
 Shall such vile Insects, quoth the Boy,
 The Pleasures of a God destroy ?

While thus with peevish Rage he burn'd,
 The Goddess with a Smile return'd,
 Cease, Child, thy Wonder at the hurtful Bee,
 A Pow'r more hurtful is repos'd in thee ;
 Like that fierce Animal on slender Wings,
 Thou roam'st abroad ; thy Arrows are thy Stings :
 Tho' small thy Stature seem, thy fatal Darts
 Subdue Almighty Strength, and pierce immortal
 Hearts.

S O N G S.



S O N G S.

S A L L Y.

I.

SURE *Sally* is the loveliest Lass,
That e'er gave Shepherd Glee ;
Not *May-day*, in its Morning- Dress,
Is half so fair as she.
Let Poets paint the *Paphian* Queen,
And fancy'd Forms adore ;
Ye Bards had ye my *Sally* seen,
Ye'd think of these no more.

II.

No more ye'd prate of *Hybla's* Hill,
Where Bees their Honey sip,
Did ye but know the Sweets that dwell
On *Sally's* Love-fraught Lip.
But ah ! take heed ye tuneful Swains,
The ripe Temptation shun,
Or else like me ye'll wear her Chains,
Ye'll be like me undone.

III.

Once in my Cot secure I slept,
Then Lark-like hail'd the Dawn,

More

More sportive than the Kids I kept,
 I wanton'd o'er the Lawn.
 To ev'ry Maid Love's Tale I told,
 And did my Truth aver,
 Yet e'er the parting Kifs was cold,
 I laugh'd at Love and her.

IV.

But now the gloomy Grove I seek,
 Where love-lorn Shepherd's stray,
 There to the Winds my Grief I speak,
 And sigh my Soul away.
 Nought but Despair my Fancy paints,
 No Dawn of Hope I see,
 For Sally's pleas'd with my Complaints,
 And laughs at Love and me.

V.

Since this my poor neglected Lambs,
 So late my only Care,
 Have left their fond, their fleecy Dams,
 And stray'd I know not where.
 Alas my Ewes! in Vain ye bleat,
 My Lambkins lost,—adieu!
 No more we on the Plain shall meet,
 For lost's your Shepherd too.

DAMON and FLORELLA. *A Pastoral Dialogue,*

*Sung by Mr. Lowe, and Mrs. Lampe in Harlequin
 Sorcerer.*

DAMON.

CAST, my Love, thine Eyes around,
 See the sportive Lambkins play,
 Nature gaily decks the Ground,
 All in Honour of the May.

Like

Like the Sparrow and the Dove,
Listen to the Voice of Love.

FLORELLA.

Damon, thou hast found me long
Litt'ning to thy soothing Tale,
And thy soft persuasive Song,
Often held me in the Dale.
Take, O *Damon*, while I live,
All which Virtue ought to give.

DAMON.

Not the Verdure of the Grove,
Nor the Garden's fairest Flow'rs,
Nor the Meads where Lover's rove,
Tempted by the Vernal Hours,
Can delight thy *Damon's* Eye,
If *Florella* is not by.

FLORELLA.

Nor the Water's gentle Fall
By the Banks with Poplars crown'd;
Not the feather'd Songsters all,
Nor the Flute's melodious Sound,
Can delight *Florella's* Ear,
If her *Damon* is not near.

Timely Admonition.

I.

SO sweet was young *Damon*, so gentle his Look,
New Pleasure my Fancy insensibly took;
His Voice too like Music oft dwelt in my Ear,
But little I thought any Danger was near.

II.

He press'd my Hand hard, but it gave me no Pain,
He kiss'd, and I sigh'd till he kiss'd me again:
Such balmy sweet Touches what Maiden cou'd fear,
I never once dreamt any Danger was near.

III.

III.

His Hands on my Bosom he'd carelessly lay,
And swear all the While he meant nothing but
Play;

So I let him play on, till no more I could bear;
'Till then I ne'er dreamt any Danger was near.

IV.

Such toying and playing so stole on my Heart,
I found in his Transports my Bosom took Part.
Beware then ye Virgins, if *Damon* appear,
For Prudence comes late, when your Danger's so
near.

DUET in HARLEQUIN SORCERER.

Sung by Mr. Lowe, and Mrs. Lampe.

DAMON and FLORELLA.

LET us love, and let us live,
Like the chearful Season gay,
Banish Care, and let us give
Tribute to the fragrant May.
Like the Sparrow and the Dove,
Listen to the Voice of Love.
Like the Sparrow, &c,

The Arch-Denial.

I.

SAYS *Damon* to *Phillis*, suppose my fond
Eyes,
Reveal with what Ardor I glow;

Well,

Well, what if they do, there's no Harm sure, she
cries,

I can but deny you, you know, you know,
I can but deny you, you know.

II.

Suppose I should ask from those Lips a sweet Kiss,
Say wou'd you the Favour bestow?

Lord blefs me! said she, what a Question is this?
I can but deny you, you know, you know,
I can but deny you, you know.

III.

Suppose not contented, I still ask for more,
For Pleasure from Pleasure will grow;
Suppose what you will, she reply'd as before,
I can but deny you, you know, you know,
I can but deny you, I know.

IV.

Come then, my dear Love, to the Wood's let's re-
pair,
Cry'd *Damon*, and offer'd to go——
No, no, with a Blush, answer'd *Phillis*; for there
I cou'd not deny, you know, you know,
I cou'd not deny, you know.

HEBE. *A Pastoral Ballad.*

I.

WHEN forc'd from dear *Hebe* to go,
What Anguish I felt at my Heart;
And I thought but it might not be so,
She was sorry to see me depart;
She cast such a languishing View,
My Path I could scarcely discern,
So sweetly she bid me adieu,
I thought that she bad me return.

I

II.

II.

Methinks she might like to retire
 To the Grove I had labour'd to rear,
 For whatever I heard her admire,
 I hasted and planted it there;
 Her Voice such a Pleasure conveys,
 So much I her Accents adore,
 Let her speak, and whatever she says,
 I'm sure still to love her the more.

III.

And now e'er I haste to the Plain,
 Come Shepherds and talk of her Ways,
 I cou'd lay down my Life for the Swain,
 That will sing me a Song in her Praise;
 While he sings, may the Maids of the Town
 Come flocking and listen the while,
 Not on him let *Hebe* once frown,
 But I cannot allow her to smile.

IV.

To see when my Charmer goes by,
 Some Hermit peep out of his Cell;
 How he thinks of his Youth with a Sigh,
 How fondly he wishes her well;
 On him she may smile if she please,
 It will warm the cool Bosom of Age;
 Yet cease, gentle *Hebe*, O! cease,
 Such Softness will ruin the Sage.

V.

I've stole from no Flow'rets that grow,
 To paint the dear Charms I approve,
 For what can a Blossom bestow,
 So sweet, so delightful as Love;
 I sing in a rustical Way,
 A Shepherd, and one of the Throng,
 Yet *Hebe* approves of my Lay,
 Go Poets, and envy my Song.

NANETTE,

NANETTE, *from* PRIOR.

HA S T E, my *Nanette*, my lovely Maid,
 Haste to the Bow'r thy Love has made ;
 For thee alone I made the Bow'r,
 And spread the Couch with many a Flow'r.

None but my Sheep shall near us come ;
Venus be prais'd my Sheep are dumb :
 Great God of Love, take thou my Crook,
 To keep the Wolf from *Nanette's* Flock.

Guard thou the Sheep to her so dear,
 My own, alas ! are less my Care.
 But of the Wolf if thou'rt afraid,
 Come not to us to call for Aid.

For with her Swain my Love shall stay,
 Tho' Wolves shou'd strole, and Sheep shou'd stray :
 For with her Swain my Love shall stay,
 Tho' Wolves shou'd strole, and Sheep shou'd stray.

The Reasonable LIBERTINE.

I.

TH E Man who in his Breast contains,
 A Heart which no base Act arraigns,
 Enchanting Pleasure's Ground may tread,
 Where Love and youthful Fancy lead ;
 May toy and laugh, may dance and sing,
 While jocund Life is in her Spring.

II.

When Cynics rail, and Pedants frown,
 Their rigid Maxims I disown;
 I smile to see their angry Brow,
 And hate the gloomy, selfish Crew;
 In their Despite I'll laugh and sing,
 While jocund Life is in her Spring.

III.

Be mine the social Joys of Life,
 And let good Nature vanquish Strife:
 So Innocence with me reside,
 And Honour reign each Action's Guide,
 I'll toy and laugh, and dance and sing,
 While jocund Life is in her Spring.

IV.

Then *Phyllis* come and share those Joys,
 Which no intemp'rate Use destroys;
 While you remain as kind as fair,
 My Heart defies each anxious Care;
 With thee I'll toy, and laugh and sing,
 While jocund Life is in her Spring.



A New SONG, sung by Mrs. YATES, at
 Sadler's-Wells.

I.

W H E N I liv'd in my Grandmother's Cot,
 What a happy young Damsel was I,
 Each Day on the Spit and the Pot,
 With Plenty of Pudding and Pye.
 I'd a Pad that wou'd amble and trot,
 And good Neighbours to visit hard by,
 Yet I wanted I did not no what,
 And I sigh'd but I knew not for why.

II.

My Daddy he gave me a Knot,
 With a Fan and a new fashion'd Fly;
 A Pair of Silk Shoes I had got,
 To put on when the Weather was dry;
 Yet to pine all the Day was my Lot,
 And in Bed ever restless did lye;
 For I wanted I did not know what,
 And I sigh'd but I knew not for why.

III.

For Counsel I care not a jot,
 Resolv'd some new Project to try;
 I thought I shou'd die on the Spot,
 If a pretty young Fellow pass'd by.
 At length a brisk Husband I got,
 'Twas a Man I had long in my Eye,
 He gave me, I must n't say what,
 And I love him, but need not say why.

The DREAM. An ODE.

COME gentle God of soft Repose,
 And lull my Soul to rest;
 In thy Embraces let me lose
 The Pangs that rack my Breast:
 Arise, ye dear Deceits, arise,
 And drest in *Damon's* Form,
 My long expecting wishing Eyes,
 With his Resemblance charm.

Those melting Sounds still let me hear,
 Which did his Flame impart;
 Which blest with Love my list'ning Ear,
 And pierc'd my yielding Heart.

Why rove my Thoughts on pleasing Cares,
 Which only Dreams bestow;
 For, Oh! whene'er the Morn appears,
 I wake to endless Woe.

The envious Light, from my sad Eyes
 Drives ev'ry Joy away;
 With Night the lovely Phantom dies,
 And leaves me lost in Day.
 Since waking thus I am distress'd,
 And Pleasure's fled with him;
 If sleeping I can still be blest,
 Let Life be all a Dream.

S O N G.

WHAT Beauties does my Nymph disclose?
 Less fair the Silver Lilly blows;
 Such Blushes glow not on the Rose,
 As on the Cheeks of *Phillis*.
 The other Day, upon the Green,
 I saw a Nymph of heav'nly Mein;
 I ran to greet the *Cyprian* Queen,
 But found it was my *Phillis*.

By mossy Grot with Ivy bound,
 Where fragrant Woodbines curl around,
 And Daisies dapple o'er the Ground,
 I sit and murmur *Phillis*.
 And when the Lark with dewy Wings,
 To hail the Morn exulting springs,
 I rise and tune the trembling Strings,
 To praise my dearest *Phillis*.

When

When first I saw the lovely Maid,
 I gaz'd, inraptur'd and dismay'd;
 My faltring Tongue was quite afraid
 To tell my Pangs to *Phillis*.
 Then *Cupid* aim'd his sharpest Dart;
 At once I felt the pleasing Smart,
 That very Hour I lost my Heart;
 And now it dwells with *Phillis*.

S O N G.

OH, let me unreserv'd declare
 The Dicta e of my Breast;
 My *Thyrsis* reigns unrival'd there,
 An ever welcome Guest.

No more our sprightly Nymphs I meet,
 But seek the lonely Grove;
 There, sighing to myself, repeat
 Some tender Tale of Love.

When absent from my longing Sight,
 He is my constant Theme;
 His shadowy Form appears by Night,
 And shapes the Morning Dream.

Ye spotless Virgins of the Plain,
 Deem not my Words too free;
 For e'er my Passion you arraign,
 You must have lov'd like me.

S O N G.

MY Pride is to hold all Mankind in my Chain,
 The Conquest I prize, tho' the Slaves I disdain:

I'll

I'll tease them and vex them:
 I'll plague and perplex them:
 Since Men try all Arts our weak Sex to betray,
 I'll show them a Woman's as cunning as they.

Young *Damon* ador'd me, and *Lycon* the Vain,
 By Turns I encourag'd each amorous Swain;
 They knelt and they trembled,
 I smil'd and dissembled,
 Since Men try, &c,

Then hear me, ye Nymphs, and my Counsel believe,
 Resist all their Wiles, the Deceivers deceive:
 Their Canting and Whining,
 Their Sighing and Fining,
 Are all meant as Baits our weak Sex to betray;
 Then prove there are Women as cunning as they.

S O N G.

THE Drum is unbrae'd, and the Trumpet no
 more
 Shall rouse the fierce Soldier to fight;
 Our Meads shall no longer be floated with Gore,
 Nor Terror disturb the calm Night.
 Once more o'er the Fields golden Harvests shall shine,
 The Olive her Flowrets increase;
 Again purple Clusters shall blush on the Vine;
 These, these are the Blessings of Peace.

The Shepherd securely now roams thro' the Glade,
 Or merrily pipes on the Vale:
 The Youth in soft Numbers attempts the coy Maid:
 The Virgins dance blithe in the Dale.
 The Flow'rs, with Colours, embroider the Ground,
 Unpress'd by an Enemy's Feet;

The

S O N G S.

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The Bleatings of Sheep from the Hillocks resound,
And the Birds their trim Sonnets repeat.

S O N G.

TO dear *Amaryllis* young *Strephon* had long
Declar'd his fix'd Passion, and dy'd for in Song;
He went one *May* Morning to meet in the Grove,
By her own dear Appointment this Goddess of Love;
Mean while in his Mind all her Charms he ran o'er,
And doated on each; *can a Lover do more?*

He waited, and waited, then changing his Strain,
'Twas Fury, and Rage, and Despair, and Disdain:
The Sun was commanded to hide his dull Light,
And the whole Course of Nature was alter'd down-
right.

'Twas his hapless Fortune to die and adore,
But never to change; *can a Lover do more?*

Cleora, it hap'd, was by Accident there;
No Rose-bud so tempting, no Lilly so fair;
He press'd her white Hand, next her Lips he essay'd,
Nor would she deny him, so civil the Maid!
Her kindly Compliance his Peace did restore;
And dear *Amarillis* was thought of no more.

S O N G.

HOW happy's the Lover whose Cares are no
more;

Who bids an Adieu to all Sorrow;
My Griefs are all husht, and my Torments are o'er,
For I shall be happy to-morrow.

Each

Each Flow'ret of *Spring* that enamels the Ground,
 From you ev'ry Charm seems to borrow;
 Then who will so blest or so happy be found,
 As I with my *Daphne* to-morrow.

I never am happy but when in your Sight,
 Your Smiles are the Cure of all Sorrow:
 Remember dear *Daphne*, your Promise to-night;
 And I shall be happy to-morrow.

S O N G.

The MORNING-AIR.

WOULD you taste the Morning Air,
 To yon verdant Fields repair,
 Where Cowslips sweet, and Violets blue,
 With grateful Scents shall welcome you.

Hear, hear the soft and cooling Breeze,
 Fanning, thrilling thro' the Trees,
 Whilst the Dew besprinkling round,
 Cools the thirsty parching Ground.

Hear the Lark now soaring high,
 With her Eccho fills the Sky:
 The charming Nightingale, and Thrush,
 Are warbling Notes on ev'ry Bush.

Haste, fair Nymph, then haste away,
 Taste these Joys without Delay;
 Prove, and proving you will tell,
 The Morning Joys do all excel.

S O N G S.

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S O N G.

Sung by Miss Falkner.

WOULD'ST thou all the Joys receive,
That enraptur'd Lovers give,
Take a Heart from Falshood free,
Take a Heart that doats on thee;
Nice Suspitions, jealous Train,
Still creates the Virgin's Pain,
Then each timid Care remove,
You can smile, and *I* can love.

Blest with thee, profusely gay,
Time shall wing his smiling Way,
Ever blooming Joys encrease,
Tranquil Liberty and Peace.
Oh! let Kindness rule thy Breast,
Smile my panting Heart to Rest;
Sweetly smile, and thou shalt know,
We can make an Heav'n below.

S O N G.

Daphne and Chloe, Sung by Miss Stevenson.

DAPHNE stood pensive in the Shades,
With Arms across and Head reclin'd;
Pale Looks accus'd the cruel Maid,
And Sighs reliev'd his love-sick Mind;
His tuneful Pipe all broken lay,
Looks, Sighs, and Actions seem to say,
My Chloe is unkind.

Why

Why ring the Woods with warbling Throats,
 Ye Larks, ye Linnets, cease your Notes.
 I faintly hear in sweeter Notes,
 My *Chloe's* Voice that wakes my Pain;
 Yet why should you your Song forbear?
 Your Notes delight your Song to hear,
 But *Chloe* mine disdain.

As thus he melancholly stood,
 Dejected as the lonely Dove,
 Sweet Sounds break gently through the Wood;
 I feel the Sound my Heart-strings move.
 'Twas not the Nightingale that sung,
 No, 'tis my *Cloe's* sweeter Tongue;
 Hark, hark, what says my Love?

How foolish is the Nymph, she cry'd,
 Who trifles with her Lover's Pains,
 Nature still speaks in Woman's Eyes,
 Our artful Lips were made to feign.
 O *Daphne*, *Daphne*, 'twas my Pride,
 'Twas not my Heart thy Love deny'd,
 Come back dear Youth.

The Youth sped forth with hasty Pace,
 And found where wishing *Chloe* lay,
 Shame sudden lighted in her Face,
 Confus'd she knew not what to say;
 At last with broken Words she cry'd,
 To-morrow you in Vain had try'd,
 But I am lost To-day.

S O N G.

COLLIN *and* DAPHNE.

DAPHNE.

HAS the Arrow of *Cupid* ne'er lodg'd in your
 Breast;
 Have you wept for whole Months, nor been able to
 rest?
 Till the Fair One took Pity, and bid you be blest'd?
 Speak boldly the Truth, my good Shepherd.

COLLIN.

No, that I can't brag of; but all the Day long
 Some Mistress or other has Place in my Song;
 My Passion's not lasting, but 'tis very strong,
 I speak the plain Truth, my good Lady.

DAPHNE.

I doubt you're a Rover; if so, a young Maid
 May fear to be with you within this thick Shade.

COLLIN.

Such Beauties as yours need be never afraid;
 I speak the plain Truth, my good Lady.

DAPHNE.

Suppose a young Shepherdess, just of my Size,
 An Air too like mine, and a Pair of such Eyes,
 Should like you, say, would you your Conquest
 despise?

Speak boldly the Truth, my good Shepherd.

COLLIN.

Plain Dealing's a Jewel, you very well know;
 And therefore permit me to own e'er I go,
 Such a Mistress as you, is, at best, but so so;
 I speak the plain Truth, my good Lady.

K

COLLIN.

COLLIN.

Farewel, gentle Maiden.

DAPHNE.

Farewel, thou dull Swain ;
Go seek thy Companions that browze on the Plain.

BOTH.

And I care not if e'er I behold Thee again ;
I speak the plain Truth, my good Lady.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. STEVENSON.

Young *Strephon*, a Shepherd, the Pride of the Plain,

Each Day is attempting my Kindness to gain :
He takes all Occasions his Flame to renew,
I always reply, that his courting won't do.

He spares no rich Presents to make me more kind,
And exhausts in my Praise, all the Wit of his Mind :
I say I'm engag'd, and I wish him to go,
He asks me so oft, till I rudely say, No.

To *Thyrsis*, last *Valentine's* Day, the dear Youth,
I tell him, I plighted my Faith and my Truth,
That Wealth cannot Peace and Contentment bestow,
And my Heart is another's, so beg he will go.

That Love is not purchas'd with Titles and Gold,
And the Heart that is honest can never be sold :
That I sigh not for Grandeur, but look down on
Shew !

And to *Thyrsis* must hasten, nor answer him, No,

He

S O N G S.

III

He hears me, and trembling all over, replies,
If his Suit I prefer not, he instantly dies :
He gives me his Hand, and wou'd force me to go,
I pity his Suff'ring, but boldly say, No.

I try to avoid him in Hopes of sweet Peace,
He haunts me each Moment to make me say, Yes;
But, To-morrow, ye Fair-ones, with *Thyrsis* I go,
And trust me, at Church, that I will not say, No.

S O N G.

NANNY of the HILL. Sung by Mr. Lowe.

ASSIST me ev'ry tuneful Bard,
Oh, lend me all your Skill,
In choicest Lays, that I may Praise,
Dear *Nanny* of the Hill,
Sweet *Nanny*, dear *Nanny*,
Sweet *Nanny* of the Hill.

How gay the glitt'ring Beam of Morn,
That gilds the Crystal Rill;
But far more bright than Morning Light,
Shines *Nanny* of the Hill,
Dear *Nanny*, shines *Nanny*,
Dear *Nanny* of the Hill.

The gayest Flow'r so fair of late,
The Ev'ning Damps will kill,
But ev'ry Day more fresh and gay,
Blooms *Nanny* of the Hill,
Sweet *Nanny*, blooms *Nanny*,
Sweet *Nanny* of the Hill.

Old *Time* arrests his rapid Flight,
 And keeps his Motion still,
 Resolv'd to spare, a Face so fair,
 As *Nanny's* of the Hill,
 Dear *Nanny's*, sweet *Nanny's*,
 Dear *Nanny's* of the Hill.

To form my Charmer, Nature has
 Exerted all her Skill,
 Wit, Beauty, Truth, and rosy Youth,
 Deck *Nanny* of the Hill,
 Deck *Nanny*, sweet *Nanny*,
 Dear *Nanny* of the Hill.

And now around the festive Board
 The jovial Bumpers fill,
 Each take his Glass to my dear Lads,
 Sweet *Nanny* of the Hill,
 Dear *Nanny*, sweet *Nanny*,
 Dear *Nanny* of the Hill.

S O N G.

MUTUAL LOVE, *by Mr. Lowe.*

W H E N e'er I meet my *Celia's* Eyes,
 Sweet Raptures in my Bosom rise,
 My Feet forget to move;
 She too declines her lovely Head,
 Soft Blushes o'er her Cheeks are spread,
 Sure this is mutual Love!

My beating Heart is wrapt in Bliss,
 Whene'er I steal a tender Kiss,
 Beneath the silent Grove;

She

She strives to frown, and puts me by,
 Yet Anger dwells not in her Eye,
 Sure this is mutual Love!

And once, O once the dearest Maid,
 As on her Breast my Head was laid,
 Some secret Impulse drove;
 Me, me, her gentle Arms carest,
 And to her Bosom closely prest,
 Sure this is mutual Love!

And now transported with her Charms,
 A soft Desire my Bosom warms,
 Forbidden Joys to prove;
 Trembling for Fear she should comply,
 She from my Arms prepares to fly,
 Tho' warm'd with mutual Love!

O stay! I cry'd,—let *Hymen's* Bands,
 This Moment tie our willing Hands,
 And all thy Fears remove;
 A modest Blush Consent exprest,
 And now we live, supremely blest,
 A Life of mutual Love!

S O N G.

PHILLIS's Complaint, *by Miss Stevenson.*

YE Warblers, while *Strepson* I mourn,
 To cheer me your Harmony bring,
 Unless, since my Shepherd is gone,
 You cease, like poor *Phillis*, to sing,
 Each Flower declines its sweet Head,
 Nor Odours around me will throw,

While ev'ry soft Lamb on the Mead,
Seems kindly to pity my Woo.

Each rural Amusement I try
In vain to restore my past Ease;
What charm'd when my *Strephon* was by,
Has now lost the Power to please.
Ye Seasons that brighten the Grove,
Not long for your Absence we mourn;
But *Strephon* neglects me to rove,
He roves, and will never return.

As gay as the Spring is my Dear,
And sweet as all Flowers combin'd;
His Smiles, like the Summer can cheer,
Ah! Why then, like Winter, unkind,
Unkind he is not, I can prove,
But tender to others can be;
To *Celia* and *Chloe* makes Love,
And only is cruel to me.

S O N G.

Sung by Miss Stevenfon.

Since *Jenny* thinks mean her Heart's Love to deny,
And *Peggy*'s uneasy when *Harry*'s not by:
I will own without blushing, were all the World by,
And *Willy*'s the Lad for me.

He brought me a Wreath which his Hands did compose,
Where the dale-loving Lilly was turn'd with the Rose.
Young Myrtle in Sprigs, did the Border inclose.
And *Willy*'s the Lad for me.

By

S O N G S.

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By Myrtle, said he, is my Passion express,
The Rose, like your Lips, in Vermilion is drest,
And the Lilly for Whiteness wou'd vie with your
Breast.

And Willy's the Lad for me.

These Ribbands of mine were his Gifts at the Fair,
My Mother look'd cross, and cry'd, *Fanny* beware,
But d'ye think I regard her, not I, I declare.

And Willy's the Lad for me.

Beneath a tall Beach, and reelin'd on his Crook,
I saw my young Shepherd, how sweet was his Look,
He ask'd for one Kiss, but a Hundred he took.

And Willy's the Lad for me.

I cry'd you're too rude, with affected Disdain,
(For early in Life we're instructed to feign)
He made me no Answer, but kiss'd me again.

And Willy's the Lad for me.

Then what can I do, instruct me ye Maids,
When a Lover so kindly, so warmly invades,
Whose Silence as much as his Language persuades.

And Willy's the Lad for me.

S O N G.

Sung by Miss Burchell.

YOUNG *Collin* was the bonniest Swain,
That e'er pip'd on the flow'ry Plain,
Or danc'd upon the Lee;
The wanton Kid in gamesome bound,
That frolics o'er the turfy Ground,
Was not so blyth as he.

Beneath

Beneath the Oak in yonder Dale,
 You'd think you heard the Nightingale,
 Whene'er he rais'd his Voice;
 But ah! the Youth was all Deceit,
 His Vows, his Oaths were all a Cheat,
 And Choice succeeded Choice,

The Maiden sung in Willow Groves,
 Of *Collin's* false and perjur'd Loves,
 Here *Jenny* told her Woes;
 And *Moggy's* Tears increase the Brook,
 Whose Cheeks like dying Lillies look,
 That once out-blush'd the Rose.

Unhappy Fair! my Words believe,
 So shall no Swain your Hopes deceive,
 And leave you to despair;
 E'er he disclose his fickle Mind,
 Change first yourselves, for ah! you'll find
 False *Collin's* ev'ry where.

S O N G.

Sung by Miss Stevenson.

TO make the Man kind, and keep true to the
 Bed,
 Whom your Choice or your Destiny brings you to
 wed,
 Take a Hint from a Friend, whom Experience has
 taught,
 And Experience you know never fails when 'tis
 bought.
 And Experience, &c.

The

S O N G S.

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The Arts which you practis'd at first to ensnare,
(For in Love, little Arts, as in Battle, are fair;)
Whether Neatness or Prudence, or Wit were the
Bait,
Let the Hook still be cover'd, and still play the
Cheat.

Shou'd he fancy another, upbraid not his Flame,
To reproach him is never the Way to reclaim;
'Tis more to recover, than conquer an Heart,
For this is all Nature, but that is all Art.

Good Sense is to them, what a Face is to you,
Flatter that, and like us, they but think it their Due;
Doubt the Strength of your Judgment, compar'd
with his own,
And he'll give you Perfections, at present unknown.

Tho' you learn that your Rival, his Bounty partake,
And your merited Favour, ungrateful forsakes;
Still, still debonair, kind, engaging and free,
Be deaf, tho' you hear, and be blind while you see.

S O N G.

HARK, hark! 'tis a Voice from the Tomb!
Come, *Lucy*, it cries come away,
The Grave of thy *Colin* has Room,
To rest thee beside his cold Clay.
I come my dear Shepherd, I come,
Ye Friends and Companions adieu,
I haste to my *Colin's* dark Home,
To die on on his Bosom so true.
To die, &c.

All

All mournful the Midnight Bell rung,
 When *Lucy*, sad *Lucy*, arose;
 And forth to the green Turf she sprung,
 Where *Colin's* pale Ashes repose;
 All wet with the Night's chilling Dew,
 Her Bosom embrac'd the cold Ground,
 While stormy Winds over her blew,
 And Night Ravens croak'd all around.
 And Night, &c.

How long, my lov'd *Colin*, she cry'd,
 How long must thy *Lucy* complain?
 How long shall the Grave my Love hide,
 How long e'er it join us again?
 For thee thy fond Shepherdess liv'd,
 With thee o'er the World wou'd she fly,
 For thee has she sorrow'd and griev'd,
 For thee wou'd she lie down and die.
 For thee, &c.

Alas! what avails it how dear
 Thy *Lucy* was once to her Swain;
 Her Face like the Lilly so fair,
 And Eyes that gave Light to the Plain.
 The Shepherd that lov'd her is gone,
 That Face and those Eyes charm no more,
 And *Lucy* forgot and alone,
 To Death shall her *Colin* deplore.
 To Death, &c.

While thus she lay sunk in Despair,
 And mourn to the Echo's around,
 Inflam'd at once grew the Air,
 And Thunder shook dreadful the Ground;
 I hear the kind Call and obey,
 Ah *Colin*! receive me she cry'd,

Then

S O N G S.

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Then breathing a Groan o'er his Clay,
She hung on his Tomb-stone and dy'd.
She hung, &c.

S O N G.

On a young Lady's Lark.

S E E how thy captive Lark,
While Clouds obscure the Sky,
Sits pensive in a Cage,
And pines for Liberty.

But if the Sun breaks forth,
He trait renews his Note,
Forgets he e'er was free,
And swells his warbling Throat.

So when thy awful Brow,
Frowns with Disdain or Hate;
I groan beneath thy Yoke,
And curse my ill-star'd Fate.

But when thy heav'nly Face
With pleasing Smiles looks gay,
I bless my Conqueror,
And glory to obey.

Then since I'm doom'd thy Slave,
Compassionate my Pains;
I beg not to be free,
But give me easy Chains:

Then since I'm doom'd, &c.

S O N G.

S O N G.

Sung at Vauxhall.

SICK of the Town at once I flew,
 To Contemplation's rural Seat;
 Adieu, says I, vain World, adieu,
 Fools only study to be great.
 Fools only study, &c.

The Book, the Lamp, the Hermit's Cell,
 The Russet Gown and mossy Floor;
 All these I had, 'twas mighty well,
 But yet I wanted something more.
 But yet I wanted, &c.

Back to the busy World again,
 I hurry'd soon in Hopes to find;
 Eas'd from imaginary Pain,
 Quiet of Heart, and Peace of Mind,
 Quiet of Heart, &c.

Gay Scenes and Grandeur ev'ry Hour,
 My Eyes with Admiration fill;
 'The World seem'd all within my Pow'r,
 And yet I wanted something still.
 And yet I wanted, &c.

Cities and Groves at once were try'd,
 'Twas all ye Fair an idle Tale;
 Celia at length became a Bride,
 A Bride to Damon of the Vale.
 A Bride to, &c.

Earth

S O N G S.

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Earth smil'd at once, the Gloom was cheer'd,

Damon was kind, I can't tell how:

In ev'ry Place new Joy appear'd,

And *Celia* wanted nothing now.

And *Celia* wanted, &c.

S O N G.

*Against JEALOUSY. Sung at Vauxhall, by
Miss Norris.*

GOOD *Damon* if you will you may,
Set Spies and Guards to watch my Way,
Or mark my Looks with jealous Eye,
When any well-dress'd Swain is nigh,
Yet Women's Wit a Way will find,
In Spite of Caution to be kind.

For if myself I do not keep,

Instead of Watching, you may sleep.

'Tis said of Old by Authors sage,
Restraint does more the Will enrage,
The Flame confin'd still fiercer burns,
And Passion check'd to Madness turns;

'Tis better then to set me free,

Than shut me under Lock and Key.

For if myself, &c.

When Love does once the Breast inspire,
Like Moths that play about the Fire,
Through careful Guards, and watchful Spies,
It rushes fearless to the Prize:

Unless the Will itself restrain,

Your Bars, and Walls, and Steel are vain.

For if myself, &c.

L

Would

Would you secure the Fair at Home,
 Go bid her wander, bid her roam,
 Tir'd out with Fops and Fools all Day,
 No more she'll ask abroad to stray:
 'Tis freedom's self must make her true,
 And fix her Choice on none but you.
For if ourselves, &c.

S O N G.

The LASS of the MILL. Sung by Mr. Lowe.

WHO has e'er been at *Baldock* must needs
 know the Mill,
 At the Sign of the *Horse*, at the Foot of the Hill;
 Where the Grave and the Gay, the Clown and the
 Beau,
 Without all Distinction promiscuously go.

This Man of the Mill has a Daughter so fair,
 With so pleasing a Shape, and so winning an Air,
 That once on the Ever green Bank as she stood,
 I'd have swore she was *Venus* just sprung from the
 Flood.

But looking again I perceiv'd, my Mistake;
 For *Venus* the fair, has the Look of a Rake;
 While nothing but Virtue and Modesty fill,
 The more beautiful Looks of the Lass of the Mill.

Prometheus stole Fire, as the Poets all say,
 To enliven the Mass which he modell'd of Clay;
 Had *Polly* been with him the Beams of her Eyes,
 Had sav'd him the Trouble of robbing the Skies.

S O N G S.

123

Since first I beheld this dear Girl of the Mill,
 I can ne'er be at Quiet, but do what I will,
 All Day and all Night, I sigh and think still,
 I shall die if I have not the Lads of the Mill.

S O N G.

CHLOE's *noble Choice.*

THE Beau with his delicate Womanish Face,
 Whose Merit all lays in a Feather and Lace;
 The Proud, the Immoral, the Coward, the Vain,
 May sue for my Love, but will meet my Disdain.
 The Dunce I detest, and whose Wit in severe,
 I sicken whenever a Sycophant's near.
 The Brute that's ill-manner'd disorders one much,
 And I'd die an old Maid e'er I'd couple with such;
 But he in whom Sense and Politeness are join'd,
 Whose Study has been to embellish his Mind;
 Whose Pleasures ne'er injure his Health nor his
 Purse,
 Is fit to be taken for better for worse.
 Whose Wit has no Gall, and whose Tongue no Deceit,
 Whose Nature is noble, his Conduct discreet;
 Ne'er knew any Fear but to hurt or offend:
 If he questions my Heart, he will find it his Friend.

S O N G.

*The TELL-TALE: Or, the worst Way to win
Her.*

AS *Jenny* of *Jockey* was tuning her Lay,
Young *Donald* came by, and unto her did say,
Come, come, my dear Girl, to the Woods lets away,
And a winning young Lad is your *Jockey*.

I saw him, quoth *Donald*, prostrate at her Feet,
And many kind Words he to her did repeat;
She list'ning, admir'd the Voice which so sweet,
Oft reminded, how shady and safe the Retreat.
And a winning young Lad, &c.

Then round her slim Waist he like Ivy did twine,
And Vows did repeat, Hands in Wedlock to join;
She believ'd all he said, and to Love did incline;
But I scarce could contain, as believing her mine.
And a winning young Lad, &c.

Says *Jenny* to *Donald*, how this could you see,
And not like a Lover your *Chloe* let free?
It had nobler been in you, than coming to me;
But of *Jockey*, I fancy, afraid you must be.
For a valiant young Lad is my *Jockey*.

Cease, cease, my dear *Jenny*, thus me to upbraid,
I ne'er of your *Jockey*, I vow, was afraid,
Nor ever had reason; so all that I've said,
Was Art for to gain you, my dear pretty Maid,
From the Arms of your so happy *Jockey*.

Away

Away then, false *Danold*, the Damsel reply'd,
 Your Arts are too mean e'er to make me your Bride;
 If in Love you'd succeed by the Truth fast abide,
 And *Jockey* and me, you may take for your Guide,
 For a constant young Lad is my *Jockey*.

S O N G.

ANNIE, *Sung by Mr. Lowe.*

WHAT Numbers shall the Muse repeat,
 What Verse be found to praise my *Annie*;
 On her ten thousand Graces wait,
 Each Swain admires and own's she's bonny;
 Since first she trode the happy Plain,
 She set each youthful Heart on fire,
 Each Nymph does to her Swain complain,
 That *Annie* kindles new Desire.
 Each Nymph, &c.

This lovely Darling, dearest Care,
 This new Delight this charming *Annie*;
 Like Summer's Dawn she's fresh and fair,
 When *Flora*'s fragrant Breezes fan ye:
 All Day the am'rous Youths convene,
 Joyous they sport and play before her,
 All Night when she no more is seen,
 In blissful Dreams they still adore her.

Among the Crowd *Amyntor* came,
 He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to *Annie*;
 His rising Sighs express'd his Flame,
 His Words were few, his Wishes many;

With Smiles the lovely Maid reply'd,
 Kind Shepherd, why should I deceive you?
 Alas! your Love must be deny'd,
 This destin'd Breast can ne'er relieve you.

Young *Damon* came with *Cupid's* Art,
 His Wiles, his Smiles, his Charms beguiling;
 He stole away my Virgin Heart,
 Cease, poor *Amyntor*, cease bewailing;
 Some brighter Beauty you may find,
 On yonder Plain the Nymphs are many;
 Then chuse some Heart that's unconfin'd,
 And leave to *Damon* his own *Annie*.

S O N G.

The COMPARISON.

SEE *Myra*, see the Lilly fair,
 The blushing Rose just newly blown;
 Then view thy lovely Face, and there
 You'll find those Beauties all your own.

But ah! how soon their Colours fade,
 And all their fragrant Sweets decay;
 So will your Charms, my beauteous Maid,
 For blooming Youth soon hastes away.

With Virtue then adorn thy Mind,
 That Beauty, Time can ne'er deface;
 In that unfading Charms you'll find,
 When robb'd of ev'ry other Grace.

S O N G.

The THIRSTY-LOVER.

DRINK to me only with thine Eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine!
 Or leave a Kiss but in the Cup,
 And I'll not look for Wine.

The Thirst which in my Soul does rise,
 Does ask a Drink divine;
 But might I of *Jove's* Nectar sip,
 I wou'd not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy Wreath,
 Not so much honouring thee;
 And giving it a Hope, that there
 It cou'd not wither'd be.

But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 And sent it back to me;
 Since when it looks and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself, but thee.

S O N G.

JENNY of the Green, sung by Mr. Lowe.

WHILE others strip the new fall'n Snows,
 And steal its Fragrance from the Rose,
 To dress their Fancy's Queen;
 Fain would I sing, but Words are faint,
 All Musick's Pow'rs too weak to paint,
 My *Jenny of the Green.*

Beneath

Beneath this Elm, beside this Stream,
How oft I've tun'd the Fav'rite Theme,
And told my Tale unseen;
While faithful in the Lover's Cause,
The Winds would murmur soft Applause,
To *Jenny* of the Green.

With Joy my Soul reviews the Day,
When deck'd in all the Pride of *May*,
She hail'd the Sylvan Scene;
Then ev'ry Nymph that hop'd to please,
First strove to catch the Grace and Ease
Of *Jenny* of the Green.

Then deaf to ev'ry Rival's Sigh,
On me she cast her partial Eye,
Nor scorn'd my humble Mien;
The fragrant Myrtle Wreath I wear,
That Day adorn'd the Lovely Hair
Of *Jenny* of the Green.

Through all the Fairy Land of Love
I'll seek my pretty wand'ring Dove,
The Pride of gay Fifteen;
Though now she treads some distant Plain,
Though far apart, I'll meet again
My *Jenny* of the Green.

But thou, old Time, 'till that bless'd Night,
That brings her back with speedy Flight,
Melt down the Hours between;
And when we meet the Loss repay,
On loit'ring Wing prolong my Stay
With *Jenny* of the Green.

S O N G.

THYRSIS *and* PHILOMEL.

Thyrsis. **P***hilomel*, thus nightly charming,
 Ev'ry sacred Grove and Stream;
 And the feathery Tribe alarming,
 Why is Absence all thy Theme?

Could I, to appease my Anguish,
 Soaring on thy Pinions rove,
 I who here complain and languish,
 Soon would reach my distant Dove.

Cupid, God of warm Desires
 Binds us both in am'rous Chains;
 How unequal yet our Fires.
 Thine are Pleasures, mine are Pains.

Thou fond Warbler, ever waking,
 To some Heart reviving Joy;
 I the bitterest Cup partaking,
 Dead Despair without Alloy.

Phil. Cease thee, *Thyrsis*, from repining,
 Happy Hours shall soon return;
 Conquest thee, the God designing,
Daphne, fierce as thou, shall burn.

The kind Deity relenting,
 Takes the faithful Lover's Part;
 To thy Rhet'rick the assenting,
 Yields a Passage to her Heart.

S O N G.

WH O can *Dorinda's* Beauty view,
 And not her Captive be?
Apollo, Daphne did pursue,
 Embrac'd the Maid, tho' then a Tree.

If the Gods could love at such a Rate,
 Poor Mortals must adore;
Dorinda's Merits are as great,
 'Tis just to love her more.

S O N G.

The FAITHLESS CONFIDANT.

BRittle Substance, light as Air,
 Emblem of th' inconstant Fair;
 Shou'd a Lover trust you, say,
 Wou'd you kindly ne'er betray?
 Tell me, could you silent hear
 Whose enchanting Bonds I wear?
 Yet I dare not own my Love,
 Lest a Traytor you shou'd prove.
 Echo not one plaintive Sigh,
 While the tender *Cælia's* sigh;
 Did I speak her gentle Name?
 Yet I can't my Breath reclaim.
 Never more may Swain impart
 Thus the Secrets of his Heart;
 For whate'er our Thoughts convey,
 Glass will glory to betray.

S O N G.

HOW sweet are the Flowers, how lovely the
Spring,

How gaudy the Pride of the Grove;
How wanton the Air is, the Birds how they sing,
And chirrup, and chirrup soft Measures of Love:
Yet not of themselves the gay Beauties can please,
We only can taste, when the Heart is at Ease.

The Flowers wou'd wither, the Spring have an End,
The Pride of the Grove wou'd decay;
The Air wou'd be noxious, the Birds but offend,
If my Parent, my King were away.
For not of themselves the vain Pageants can please,
We only can taste, when the Heart is at Ease.

S O N G.

IN vain, *Philander*, at my Feet,
You urge your guilty Flame;
With well dissembled Tears intreat,
New Oaths, and impious Vows repeat,
And wrong Love's sacred Name.

Ah! cease to call that Passion Love,
Whose End is to betray;
Too soon should I comply, you'd prove,
What sensual Vows your Ardour move,
And your Affection fway.

And when, to all my Fondness blind,
You'd chace me from your Breast;
Deluded Wretch! when could I find,
That calm Content, that Peace of Mind;
Which I before possess'd?

S O N G.

SILVIA, a S O N G.

TH O' Fortune envy ev'ry Grace,
 In *Sylvia's* lovely Form exprest.
 Who less admires that Angel Face,
 The fav'rite Work of Heav'n confest?

The Diamond sparkles in her Eyes,
 Roses her blushing Cheeks adorn;
 Rich in herself, a virtuous Prize,
 To shame the Pride of Fopp'ry born.

Thus blest with ev'ry Charm divine,
 Frail Mortals vainly fond adore,
 With Beauty gilt from virtue's Mine,
 Then who can say, that *Sylvia's* poor?

S O N G.

Sung by Miss Falkner.

WH E N Morn her Sweets shall first unfold,
 And paint the fleecy Clouds with Gold;
 On tufted Green, O! let me play,
 And welcome up the jocund Day.
 Wak'd by the gentle Voice of Love;
 Arise my Fair, arise, and prove,
 The dear Delights fond Lovers know;
 The best of Blessings here below,
 The best of Blessings, &c.

To some clear River's verdant Side,
 Do thou my happy Footsteps guide:
 In concert with the purling Stream,
 We'll sing, and Love shall be the Theme,

E'er

E'er Night assumes her gloomy Reign,
 When Shadows lengthen o'er the Plain:
 We'll to yon myrtle Grove repair,
 For Peace and Pleasure waits us there.

The laughing God there keeps his Court,
 And little Loves incessant Sport,
 Around the winning Graces wait,
 And calm Contentment guards the Seat:
 There lost in Extasies of Joy;
 While tenderest Scences our Thoughts employ,
 We'll blest the Hour, our Loves begun,
 The happy Moment made us one.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Beard.

Young *Hobinal* (the blithest Swain)
 Long time a Dupe to haughty *Molly*;
 With oaten Reed and rustick Strain,
 Now pipes and sings the Praise of *Dolly*;
 O my *Dolly*, smiling *Dolly*,
 My sweetly blooming, dearest *Dolly*,
 Ye Woods, ye Lawns, ye Flocks, ye Fawns,
 Assist me in the Praise of *Dolly*.

The dimpl'd Cheek, the footy Eye,
 And ruby Lip belong to *Molly*;
 But Virtue, and Simplicity,
 Alone bedeck my lovely *Dolly*.
 O my *Dolly*, &c.

As late I rov'd (my Herds astray)
 I spy'd my Love most melancholy;
 And over-heard the fair one say,
 Lo! there's the Man that's made for *Dolly*
 O my *Dolly*, &c.

M

We

We quickly met and down we fate,
 Then told our Loves beneath yon Holly;
 But should I half our Joys relate,
 You'd surely envy me and *Dolly*.
 O my *Dolly*, &c.

S O N G.

NO Highland Lad or dear Pantin,
 (With pleasing Strain and Verse so witty)
 But of a lovely Maid I sing,
 Whose Rivals own she's pretty;
 O my delicate Irish *Lassie*,
 My *amarcus* Irish *Lassie*,
 No Rose in June, e'er had such Bloom,
 As my beautiful Irish *Lassie*.

She wears no fav'rite Patch or Paint,
 No flaunting Knot, or Hat so flashy;
 But Virtue which no Court can taint,
 Still shines in my *Irish* *Lassie*.
 O my, &c.

No Belle I see, compar'd can be,
 To my beautiful *Irish* *Lassie*.

The Fields adorn'd with Vi'lets blue,
 The Gardens sweet invite my Treasure,
 To tread the silver spangled Dew,
 And give the World new Pleasure.
 O my, &c.

Each Nymph's alarm'd, each Swain is charm'd,
 With my beautiful *Irish* *Lassie*.

Preserve, ye Gods, this matchless Fair,
 Who needs no Dow'r of Treasure massie,
 Since all the Graces Heav'n can share,
 Unite in our *Irish* Lassie.

O my, &c.

So great's my Store, I ask no more,
 — But my beautiful *Irish* Lassie.

S O N G.

The Lads with the Golden Locks.

NO more of my *Harriot*, my *Polly* no more,
 Nor all the bright Beauties that charm'd me
 before;

Myself for a Slave to gay *Venus* I've sold,
 And barter'd my Freedom for Ringlets of Gold.
 I throw down my Pipe, and neglect all my Flocks,
 And will sing of my Lads with the Golden Locks:
 I throw down my Pipe, and neglect all my Flocks;
 And will sing of my Lads with the Golden Locks.

Tho' o'er her white Forehead, the gilt Tresses
 flow,

Like the Rays of the Sun, on a Hillock of Snow;
 Such Painter of old, drew the Queen of the Fair,
 'Tis the Taste of the Ancient, 'tis classical Hair;
 And tho' Witlings may scoff, and Railery mocks,
 Yet I'll sing to my Lads with the Golden Locks;
 And though, &c.

Than the Swan in the Brook, she's more dear to
 my Sight,

Her Make is more stately, her Breast is more white;
 Her Lips are like Rubies, all Rubies above,
 Which are fit for the Labour, or Language of Love;

At the Park, in the Mall, at the Play in the Box,
My Lafs bears the Bell with her Golden Locks;
At the Park, &c.

Her beautiful Eyes, as they roll, or they flow,
Shall be glad for my Joy, or shall weep for my Shew;
She shall ease my fond Heart, and shall sooth my soft
Pain,
While thousands of Rivals are courting in Vain:
Let them rail at the Fruit, they can't reach, like the
Fox,
While I have the Lafs with the Golden Locks;
Let them, &c.

S O N G.

Set by Mr. HOWARD.

WHY heaves my fond Bosom; ah! what can
it mean?
Why flutters my Heart, which was once so serene?
Why this fighting and trembling, when *Daphne* is near;
Or why, when she's absent, this Sorrow and Fear?
Or when, &c.

For ever, methinks, I with Wonder could trace,
The thousand soft Charms, that embellish thy Face;
Each Moment I view thee, new Beauties I find;
With thy Face I am charm'd, but enslav'd by thy
Mind.
With thy, &c.

Untainted with Folly, unfully'd by Pride;
There native good Humour, and Virtue reside:
Pray Heavens that Virtue thy Soul may supply,
With Compassion for him, who without thee must die.
With, &c.

T H E



T H E
JOCULAR COMPANION:
O R,

Merry STORIES, JESTS, PUNS, CONUN-
DRUMS, &c.

GUN JONES, who had made a very handsome Fortune from a mean Beginning a Person with whom he had some Words, asked him, How he could have the Impudence to give himself so many Airs to him, who knew him seven Years before, when he had *scarce a Rag to his A——e*. You lie, replied Jones, *for seven Years ago I had nothing but Rags to my A——e*.

The witty and extravagant Duke of Buckingham, in King Charles IId's Time, complaining to Sir John Cutler, a rich Miser, of the Disorder of his Affairs, asked him what he should do to prevent the Ruin of his Estate? *Live as I do, my Lord*, said Sir John. *That I can do*, answered the Duke, *when I am ruin'd*.

Another Time, a Person who had been a Dependant on his Grace, begged his Interest for him at Court; and to press the Thing more Home upon

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upon the Duke, said, *He had no Body to depend upon but God and his Grace. Then, said the Duke, You are in a miserable Way; for you could not have pitch'd upon any two who have less Interest at Court.*

A Lady being asked how she liked a Gentleman's Singing, who had a very *stinking Breath?* *The Words are good, said she, but the Air is intolerable.*

Sir Thomas More, the famous Chancellor, being pressed by the Council of the Party, for a *longer Day* to perform a Decree, said, *Take St. Barnaby's Day, the longest in the Year; which happened to be the next Week.*

The same Gentleman, who preserv'd his Humour and Wit to the last Moment, when he came to be executed on *Tower-Hill*, the Headsman demanded his *upper Garment* at his Fee. *Ab! Friend, said he, taking off his Cap, that I think is my upper Garment.*

The great *Algernon Sidney* seem'd to shew as little Concern at his Death; he had indeed got some Friends to intercede with the King for a Pardon; but when it was told him, that his Majesty could not be prevailed upon to give him his Life; but, that in regard to his ancient and noble Family, he would remit Part of his Sentence, and only have his Head cut off; *Nay, said he, if his Majesty is resolv'd to have my Head, he may make a Whistle of my A— if he pleases.*

When *Rabelais*, the greatest Droll in *France*, lay on his Death-bed, he could not help joking at the very last Moment; for having received the extreme Unction, a Friend coming to see him, said, *He hoped he was prepared for the next World. Yes, yes, replied Rabelais, I am ready for my Journey now, they have just greased my Boots.*

When Sir *Richard Steele* was sitting up his great Room in *York-Buildings*, which he intended for publick Orations, he happened to be pretty much behind-hand with his Workmen, and coming one Day

Day among them, to see how they went forward, he ordered one of them to get into the *Rostrum*, and make a Speech, that he might observe how it would be heard; the Fellow mounting, and scratching his Pate, told him, he knew not what to say, for in Truth he was no Orator. No Matter, said the Knight, speak any Thing that comes uppermost. *Why here, Sir Richard, says the Fellow, we have been working for you these six Weeks, and cannot get one Penny of Money; pray, Sir, when do you intend to pay us?* Very well, very well, said Sir Richard, pray come down, I have heard enough; I cannot but own you speak very distinctly, tho' I don't admire your Subject.

A French Marquis being one Day at Dinner at the late Roger Williams's, the famous Puniter and Publican, was boasting of the happy Genius of his Nation, in projecting all the Modes and fine Fashions, particularly the *Ruffle*, which, he said, *was de fine Ornament to de Hand, and had been followed by all de other Nations.* Roger allowed what he said, but observed at the same Time, *That the English, according to Custom, had made a good Improvement upon their Invention, by adding a Shirt to it.*

In the Reign of Henry II. a Jew having the Honour to travel towards *Shrewsbury*, in Company with *Richard Peache*, Arch-deacon of *Malpas* in *Chefbire*, and a Reverend Deacon whose Name was *Denville*; amongst other Discourse, which they condescended to entertain him with, the Arch-deacon told him, that his Jurisdiction was so large as to reach from a Place called *ILL-STREET*, all along till they came to *MALPAS*, and took in a very wide Circumference of the Country. To which the Jew replied, Say you so, Sir? God grant me then a good Deliverance! For it seems I am riding in a Country, where *SIN* is the Arch-deacon, and the *Devil* himself the *Dean*; where the Entrance into the Arch-
deaconry

deaconry is ILL-STREET, and the going forth from it BAD-STEPS, alluding to the *French Word Peché* and *Malpas*.

Michael Angelo, in his Picture of the last Judgment, in the Pope's Chapel, painted among the Figures in Hell, that of a certain Cardinal, who was his Enemy, so like, that every Body knew it at first Sight. Whereupon the Cardinal complaining to the Pope of the Affront, and desiring it might be defaced: *You know very well*, said the Pope, *I have Power to deliver a Soul out of Purgatory, but not out of Hell.*

Two *Oxford* Scholars meeting on the Road with a *Yorkshire* Hostler, they fell to bantering him, and told the Fellow they would prove him to be a *Horse*, or an *Ass*. Well, said the Hostler, I can prove your Saddle to be a *Mule*. A *Mule*, cried one of them, how can that be? *Because*, said the Hostler, *it is something between a Horse and an Ass.*

A Lady's Age happening to be questioned, she affirmed she was but *Forty*: Cousin, said she, to a Gentleman in Company, don't you believe I am in the Right? Madam, replied he, I ought not to disbelieve it, for I have constantly heard you say so for above ten Years.

A young Fellow in the Country, having had an Affair with a Girl in the Neighbourhood, cried, What shall we do, *Bess*, if you should prove with Child? *Oh! very well*, said she, *for I am to be married To-morrow.*

A Gentlewoman growing big with Child, who had two Gallants, one of them with a wooden Leg; the Question was put, which of the two should father the Child? He who had the wooden Leg offered to decide it thus: *If*, said he, *the Child come into the World with a wooden Leg, I will father it, if not, you shall.*

An

An *Irishman* being at a Tavern where the Cook was dressing some Carp, he observed that some of the Fish after they were gutted, and put in the Pan, moved; at which being very much surprized, *Arrab, by my Shaul, says Teague, of all the Christian Creatures that ever I saw, this same Carp will live the longest after he is dead.*

An *Englishman* and a *Welshman* disputing in whose Country was the best Living; said the *Welshman*, there is such noble House keeping in *Wales*, that I have known above a Dozen Cooks employed in dressing one Wedding Dinner: *Aye*, answered the *Englishman*, that was because every Man toasted his own Cheef.

The famous *Tom Thynne*, who was remarkable for his good House-keeping and Hospitality, standing one Day at his Gate, a Beggar coming up to him, begged his Worship would give him a Mug of Small Beer: *Why, how now, Sirrah*, said he, *fine Times indeed, when Beggars must be Chusers! I say, Bring the Fellow a Mug of Strong Beer.*

Two very honest Gentlemen, who dealt in Brooms, meeting one Day in the Street, one asked the other, How the D—l he could afford to undersell him every where as he did, when he stole the Stuff, and made the Brooms himself? *Why, you silly Dog*, answered the other, *I steal them ready made.*

A Gentleman coming to an Inn in *Smithfield*, and seeing the Ostler expert and tractable about the Horses, asked him how long he had lived there, and what Countryman he was? *I'm* *Yerkshire*, said the Fellow, *an ha lived Sixteen Years here. I wonder*, replied the Gentleman, *that in so long a Time, so clever a Fellow as you seem to be, have not come to be Master of the Inn yourself. Aye*, answered the Ostler, *but Maister's Yerkshire too.*

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A Woman once prosecuted a Gentleman for a Rape. Upon the Trial the Justice asked her, if she made any Resistance. *I cried out, and please you my Lord.* *Aye,* said one of the Witnesses, *but that was nine Months afterwards*

An arch Boy being at Table where there was a piping hot Apple-pye, putting a Bit into his Mouth, burnt it so, that the Tears ran down his Cheeks. A Gentleman that sat by, asked him why he wept? Only, says he, because it just come into my Remembrance, that my poor Grand-mother died this Day Twelvemonth. Phoo! said the other, is that all? So whipping a large Piece into his Mouth, he quickly sympathized with the Boy; who seeing his Eyes brimful, with a malicious Sneer, asked him, why he wept? *A Pox on you,* said he, *because you were not banged, you young Dog, the same Day your Grandmother died.*

A Lady, who had married a Gentleman that was a tolerable Poet, one Day sitting alone with him, she said, Come, my Dear, you write upon other People, prithee write something for me; let me see what Epitaph you will bestow upon me when I die. O, my dear, replied he, that is a melancholy Subject; prithee don't think of it. Nay, upon my Life you shall, adds she, Come I'll begin

Here lies Bid;

To which he answered,

Ah! I wish she did.

A Justice of Peace seeing a Parson on a very stately Horse, riding between *London* and *Hampstead*, said to some Gentlemen that were with him, See what a beautiful Horse that proud Parson has got, I'll banter him a little. *Do not,* said he, *you don't follow the Example of your great Master, who was humbly content to ride upon an Ass.* *Why really,* Sir, replied the Parson,
the

the King has made so many Asses of Justices, that an honest Clergyman can hardly find one to ride on, if he had a Mind to it.

A Country Lass, with a Pail of Milk on her Head, going to Market, was reckoning all the Way what she should make of it. This Milk, said she, will bring me so much Money, that Money will buy so many Eggs, those Eggs so many Chickens, and, with the Fox's Leave, those Chickens will make me Mistress of a Pig, and that Pig may grow a fat Hog, and when I have sold that, I may buy a Cow and a Calf: And then comes a Sweet-heart, perhaps a Farmer; him I marry, and my Neighbours will say, *How do you, Goody Such-a-one?* And I'll answer, *Thank you Neighbour.* But may be my Sweetheart may be a Yeoman; and then it will be, *How do you, Mrs. Such-a-one?* I'll say, *Thank you.* O! but suppose I should marry a Gentleman, then they'll say, *Your Servant, Madam;* but then I'll toss up my Head, and say nothing. Upon the sudden Transport of this Thought, and with the Motion of her Head, down came the Milk, which put an End at once to her fine Scheme of Chickens, Pig, Hog, Cow, Calf, and Husband.

F I N I S.



